

THE NAPAN

Vol. XXXIV] No 15—JNO. POLLARD, Editor and Publisher.

NAPANEE, ONT. CAN

BEFORE STOCK-TAKING

Having gone through my stock of

Crockery, China and Glassware

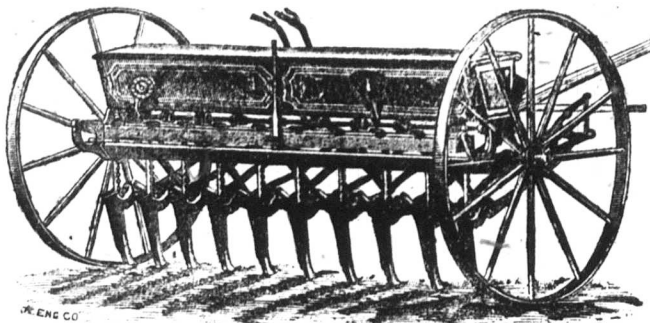
and finding it much too large for this season of the year I have decided to put the whole stock on the market

For the Next 60 Days.

at a large discount, or in other words, sharing up my profits with my customers, and in Dinner and Tea Sets, of which I have a fine assortment, I will give a special discount in order to clear them out to make room for New Goods arriving in the early part of April.

W. Coxall

NOXON STEEL HOOSIER DRILL



Combined Drill & Broadcast Seeder. Single Drills, Single Broadcast Seeders

There may be other Drills! But there is only One Hoosier! All others are back numbers!

The proof is, there are more Hoosier Drills and Seeders in use in Canada to-day than of all other kinds combined.

No Purchaser Dissatisfied Yet! Why should they be, when they have got THE BEST DRILL EVER MADE? WE GUARANTEE THIS.

NOXON BROS. MFG. CO. L'T'D., INGERSOLL, ONTARIO.

HAWLEY & SPROULE agents, Napanee.

Cotton Seed Meal, Linseed Meal, Ground Oil Cake.

The progressive farmer uses one or all of these. We carry them all in stock and sell at lowest possible margin above cost. About March we expect a full line of Garden Seeds. Do not buy old carry over stock, but wait until you can have new Fresh Seeds to select from. In a few days we shall have Red Clover, Alsike, Alfalfa and Timothy Seeds.

Tares, as last year, are again scarce. We have put some in stock. Better buy now. Prices are sure to advance later on. Headquarters for the best brands of Flour, Bran, Shorts and Cracked Feed. Our Feed is made from good, clean Grain, and does not contain mill sweepings or other dirt.

WINDSOR SALT—The best in the world. Put up in Barre's for ordinary family use. In 50lb Sacks for Cheese and Butter Makers, and in Fancy Packages for the table. Free from Lime—does not cake.

We have them both always: Rolled Oats, Standard and Granulated

BICYCLES

Will you ride one this season?
We can supply you with

Look at our List

COLUMBIAS, best make
WHITWORTHS, best make
COMETS, best make in

That's a hard trial

We have the Crescent,
Mail. All good in their
Terms arranged to suit
buy.

McALIST

DEROCHE & MADDEN,

Barristers,

Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.

Office—Grange block.

Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates

H. M. DEROCHE, Q. C. 5.1y J. H. MADDEN.

HERRINGTON & WARNER,

Barristers, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES

Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee. 5y

MORDEN & RUTTAN.

Barristers, Solicitors, etc.

Office over Merchant's Bank, Bank of Canada.

Dundas Street, Napanee.

A. L. MORDEN, Q. C. G. F. RUTTAN.

County Crown Attorney.

Money to loan at 5, 5½ and 6 per cent.

A. R. DAVIS,

Ontario Land Surveyor and Civil

Engineer.

Office—w th T. G. Davis, Insurance Agent.

39 Cortes Block

R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.

Physician, Surgeon, etc.

Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General

Hospital.

Office—North side of Dundas Street, between

West and Robert Streets, Napanee. 5.1y

A. S. ASHLEY,

DENTIST

16 Years in Napanee.

34 Years Experience.

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKY.

For sale by the undersigned the following well

known brands of Irish and Scotch Whisky:

Bushmills, James Watson & Co.,

Henry Thomson & Co.,

Mitchell & Bro.,

Burke & Co.,

J. Brown & Co.

Barnard & Co. Encore, Scotch

Watson's, 3 Star

Dewar's, Extra Special

Usher's, O.V.G.

Sheriff's

Claymore

H. Lade & Co.

Mitchell Bro.

Glengowan

M. W. PRUYN & SON,

Napanee, 12th Dec. 1894.

WANTED

ENERGETIC MEN to sell

our choice and complete

line of Nursery stock and

seed potatoes. Highest

salary and commission paid weekly, paying and

permanent position guaranteed and success as-

ured to good men. Special inducement to

beginners, experience not necessary. Exclusive

territory and your own choice of same given.

Do not delay. **ALLEN NURSERY CO.**

Apply to Growers & Propagators. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

IF YOU WANT

A FANCY SPRING SUIT

OR OVERCOAT MADE

IN THE LATEST STYLE

AND AT A REASONABLE

PRICE CALL ON

ED. HUFF,

Carson Block. 15th Tailor.

WANTED-SALESMEN.

We want a few

men to sell a

few

of our

Our 25c Tea, at 5 pounds for the dollar, beats the world.

The Rathbun Co's

DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE.

WE ARE STILL SELLING CLOTHING CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE.

In a few days soon our immense spring stock of Hats, Gent's Furnishings and Clothing will be in, and before it comes we MUST make room for it by getting rid, AT SOME PRICE of a lot of goods now in stock.

We mean business. Overcoats and all heavy goods must go. It will pay you to buy now even for next year. Call at once at

A. M. VINEBERG,
and you will see that we only advertise what we intend to do. Henry Block, Dundas st., Napanee.

Bay of Quinte Railway and Navigation Company

GENERAL PASSENGER TIME TABLE. No. 9. Taking effect October 8th, 1893

Twiced and Tamworth to Napanee and Deseronto and Napanee to Tamworth and Tweed.

Deseronto.		Miles		No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	Stations.		Miles		No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
				A.M.	P.M.	P.M.					A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lve	Tweed	0	7 00	3 00			Lve	Deseronto	0	7 00			
	Steeles	3	7 08	3 10				Deseronto Junction	4	7 20			
	Far Point	7	7 10	3 25			Arr	Napanee	9	7 35	12 00	4 20	
	Marble Bridge	13	7 15	3 30			Lve	Napanee Mills	15	8 05	12 15	4 30	
	Tamworth	17	7 50	3 35				Newburgh	17	8 15	12 23	4 42	
	Tamworth Junction	20	8 00	2 00	4 10			Thomson's Mills	18	8 20			4 50
	Wilcox	24						Camden East	19	8 25	12 30	5 00	
	Enterprise	26	8 18	2 30	4 30		Arr	Yarker	23	8 38	12 45	5 00	
	Marble Bridge	31	8 30	2 35	4 43		Lve	Galbraith	25	9 00	2 45	5 05	
	Moscow	33						Moscow	25	9 15	1 00	5 22	
	Galbraith	35	8 43	2 50	4 55			Marble Bridge	30				5 35
	Yarker	35	9 00	2 50	5 10			Enterprise	32	9 30	1 15	5 35	
Arr	Camden East	39	9 13	3 02	5 23			Tamworth	38	9 50	1 35	5 35	
	Thomson's Mills	41	9 23	3 15	5 30			Enterprise	41	10 00			6 05
	Newburgh	43	9 23	3 25	5 40			Marble Bridge	43	10 15			6 18
	Napanee Mills	49	9 30	3 40	5 55			Lacrosse	51	1 30			6 35
Arr	Napanee	49				6 15		Steeles	55	10 50			6 50
Lve	Deseronto Junction	54				6 30		Tweed	58	1 00			7 00
Arr	Deseronto	58				6 45							

Kingston and Sydenham to Napanee and Deseronto and Napanee to Sydenham and Kingston.

Deseronto.		Miles		No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	Stations.		Miles		No. 1	No. 3	No. 5
				A.M.	P.M.	P.M.					A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lve	Kingston	0	6 45	3 30			Lve	Deseronto	0	7 00			
	G. T. R. Junction	2	6 55	3 40				Deseronto Junction	4	7 20			
	Glennvale	10	7 17	4 18			Arr	Napanee	9	7 35	12 00	4 20	
	Murvale	19	7 40	4 30			Lve	Napanee Mills	15	8 05	12 15	4 30	
Arr	Harrowsmith	23	8 00	4 40				Newburgh	17	8 15	12 23	4 42	
Lve	Harrowsmith	19	8 20	4 50				Thomson's Mills	18	8 20			4 50
	Frontenac	25	8 40	5 10			Arr	Camden East	19	8 25	12 30	5 00	
	Yarker	26	9 00	2 50	5 10		Lve	Yarker	23	8 38	12 45	5 00	
	Camden East	30	9 13	3 02	5 23			Yarker	23	8 50			5 15
	Thomson's Mills	31	9 18				Arr	Enterprise	27	9 00			5 22
	Newburgh	32	9 23	3 15	5 30			Marble Bridge	30	9 05			5 35
	Napanee Mills	34	9 30	3 25	5 40		Lve	Harrowsmith	30	9 05			5 50
Arr	Napanee	40				6 15		Murvale	35	9 17			
Lve	Napanee West End	40				6 30		Glennvale	39				6 35
	Deseronto Junction	45				6 40		G. T. R. Junction	47	9 50			
Arr	Deseronto	49				6 45		Kingston	49	10 00			

R. C. CARTER, Asst. Gen. Manager. G. A. BROWNE, Gen. Pass. Agent. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent.

Wall Paper,
ALL NEW LINES,
at Holland's
Express Bookstore

Rooms, Albert Block, Napanee.
DENTISTS
C. D. WARTMAN, L.D.S.
C. H. WARTMAN, D.D.S.
Graduates of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, and a graduate of Toronto University.
OFFICE—LEONARD BLOCK.
Visits made to Tamworth the first Monday in each month, remaining over Tuesday. Rooms at Wheeler's Hotel.
All other Mondays C. D. Wartman will be in Yarker.
Napanee office open every day.

JAS. AYLESWORTH,
General Business Agent.
Conveyancer,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Commissioners, etc., in H.C.J.
Clerk, 7th Division Court, of the County of Lennox & Addington.
Grand Trunk Railway Ticket Agent
TAMWORTH.

MUSIC AND HARMONY.
MRS. J. E. CLARKE, who has had thirty years' experience in teaching music, begs to inform her friends and the public that *Technical Instructions in playing, giving the proper movement and use of finger and wrist,* is a leading feature of her method. Address: MRS. J. E. CLARKE, corner of Bridge and Donald street, near West Ward Academy. 521f

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
Dundas Street, Napanee.
H. HUNTER, Prop.
This commodious hotel is centrally situated having every convenience for the travelling and business public. Large yard and sheds for farmers.
Good table, best of wines, liquors, and cigars.
The comfort of guests is made a first consideration.

C. H. FINKLE.
FURNACE DIRECTOR AND EMPLOYER, Newburgh, Ont. Orders left with Ewart and Vanlue, Yarker, will have prompt attention. Telephone communication.

STOP WEARING A TRUSS
By a new device recently patented in U. S. and Canada by **CHAS. CLUTHE**
ESTABLISHED 1871
RUPTURE CAN BE CURED
WITH NO INCONVENIENCE
WITHOUT A TRUSS
CHEAP BY MAIL
Your name to us means comfort to you. A Post Card will do it.
Age of person of no importance.
CHAS. CLUTHE
134 KING ST. WEST
TORONTO—CANADA

Robert Light
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Rough and Dressed Lumber
Screen Doors,
Mouldings,
Bee Hives,
Stairs, Blinds,
Turned Work,
Wood Drapery,
Sash,
and Interior Finish for Buildings.
NAPANEE, ONT.

Consumption.
Valuable medicine and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Express and Post Office address: E. A. GUTHRIE, 1000 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Choice Line of Nursery Stock, we cannot make you rich in a month but can give you steady employment and will pay you well for it. Our prices correspond with the times. Write us for terms and territory to
THE HAWKS NURSERY CO.
141lm Rochester, N. Y.

COAL

Much heat at little cost when you burn our Coal.

If you have not been a customer in the past a trial will convince you that you ought to have been.

All coal under cover and thoroughly screened before delivery.

Prices as low as good Coal can be sold, at

The Rathbun Co.

INTENSE COLD.
Its Effects Upon the Mental Faculties of Those Subjected to It.
Extreme cold, as is well known, exerts a benumbing influence upon the mental faculties. Almost everyone who has been exposed, for a long time or a shorter period, to a very low temperature, has noted a diminution in will power and often temporary weakening of the memory. Perhaps the largest scale upon which this action has ever been studied was during the retreat of the French from Moscow. The troops suffered extremely from hunger, fatigue and cold—from the latter perhaps most of all. A German physician who accompanied a detachment of his countrymen has left an interesting account of their trials during this retreat. From an abstract of this paper by Dr. Rose, in the New York Medical and Surgical Journal, we find that of the earliest symptoms referable to the cold was a loss of memory. This was noted in the strong as well as those who were already suffering from the effects of the hardships to which they had been exposed. When the first appearance of a moderately low temperature (about 5 degrees above zero Fahrenheit), many of the soldiers were found to have forgotten the names of the most ordinary things about them, as well as those of the articles of food for which they were perishing. Many forgot their own names and those of their comrades. Others showed pronounced symptoms of mental disturbance, and not a few became incurably insane, the type of their insanity resembling very closely senile dementia. The cold was probably not alone responsible for these effects, for a zero temperature is rather stimulating than paralyzing in its action upon the well-fed and the healthy. These men were half-starved, poorly clad, worn out with long marching, many already weakened by dysentery and other diseases, and all mentally depressed, as an army in defeat always is. It needed, therefore, no very unusual degree of cold to produce the psychic effects observed under other circumstances only as a consequence of exposure to an extreme low temperature.

Renew your subscriptions. The Express and Toronto Weekly Globe, one year, for One Dollar.
Norway Pine Syrup—strengthens the system and cures all Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, etc.

CANADA—FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

\$1 per Year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

season?
the best in the market.
ke in the U. S.
nake in old England.
Canada.

io to beat.
Stearns, Fleet, Spartan, Royal
r class.
purchasers. See us before you

TER & CO'Y.

CLOTHIERS

THE WORLD OF LABOR.

ECHOES FROM THE BUSY MILL AND THE WORKSHOP.

News and Happenings of Special Interest in the Various Fields Where Mechanic and Artizan Hold Sway Night and Day.

Missouri has 5257 saloons.
New York has 1,500 Danes.
We printed 5,134 books in '94.
Germany has 22,287 physicians.
France leads in wine production.
Boston boasts Chinese druggists.
California has 20,000,000 fruit trees.
Uncle Sam employs 373,210 teachers.
Sandpaper is made of powdered glass.
Prince of Wales' cigars cost \$2.50 each.
New York contains 35,000 Russians.
Stewartville, Mo., hasn't a vacant house.
Germany's salt tax yields \$1,000,000 yearly.
World's railways employ 291,000 people.
Jacksonville has more negroes than whites.
World's copper production last year, 330,500 tons.
A new telegraphic invention will convey 2,000 words a minute over the wires.
Melbourne is to have a corporation of

Life-Saving on the Ice.

An English gentleman has invented a life-saving apparatus for use on a lake on his own place, which is so simple that one like it could easily be put on every sheet of water frequented by skaters. Two broad planks about eight feet long are placed on sled runners, and these are joined together by a rope fully twenty feet in length. A life-preserver is fastened to the centre of the rope, and, in case of accident, two people, by throwing themselves on the planks, could easily steer them to the hole, one on either side, when the life-preserver could be grasped by the one whose life is in danger.

WATER GAS ILLUMINANT.

Used in a Welsbach Burner After a Thorough Cleaning.

Dr. Strache's ideas as to water gas passed through sulphuric acid, to remove the volatile compound, ferric carbide, FeCO₄ and then employed in Welsbach lamps are being subjected to a practical trial at Gaudenzdorf, Vienna, and the results are reported as being most striking. Two streets are lit up by this means. The gas is supplied at 57 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, as against \$1.50 for coal gas. The municipal report is, that 7.24 cubic feet per hour give 110 candles, and the cost of this is 0.124d. for gas, plus 0.04d. for renewals, or 0.164d. per hour in all. An ordinary street lamp consumes 4.94 cubic feet, and gives 15 candles, at an hourly cost of 0.266d. The result, then, is seven times the light at two thirds the cost. Eight out of ten lamps have one light each and two have

NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY

BATH.

Local News with us is both stale and scarce, but if one drink too many had produced the same effect on men as it did on Mr. L. Aylsworth's cow there would have been a lot of dead men in Bath on court day. The cow, in taking a drink where ice was removed, slipped in and drowned.

Mrs. R. J. Green (nee Edna Hogle,) Athens, is visiting home and friends for a few days.

Miss Eva Wemp and Miss A. Hogle are visiting friends in Landsdown for a few weeks.

Sheriff Pruyn continues very poorly, being confined to his bed.

Miss Lizzie Phippen is still confined to her room.

The ice harvest is over. We expect to keep cool next summer, and if ice won't do it we will take up a collection. A certain Divine says it will produce the same effect.

WILTON.

Overton Babcock had a cow drowned on Sunday.

Wellington Babcock has recovered from a severe attack of asthma.

Mordy Storms, Killin's, spent Saturday Sunday at his home.

Miss Lee, Picton, is the guest of Miss Marguerite Storms.

The residence of Buckley Lake had a narrow escape from being destroyed by fire last Saturday. Mr. Lake was not at home and Mrs. Lake and the children had quite a scare. Fortunately the wind was in the right direction to blow the flames from the main part of the building, and before the fire had made much headway, Robert Miller and James George appeared on the scene and quickly extinguished it.

Sunday evening proved a glorious one for those who wished to witness the eclipse.

Rev. Coombe is conducting revival services at Lapum's.

The new merchant, A. E. Gallagher, is making extensive additions to his stock. He pays city prices for the farmer's produce and sells at city prices also.

THE PINES.

Did you see the eclipse? is everyone's conversation just now, so fearing there could be no correspondence from this place in the midst of the exciting events of the week I have concluded to try my hand.

Rev. E. S. Shorey preached in the Union church last Sunday afternoon.

Joseph Magee, and A. McCarlock, and Bongards Comer, have returned home after visiting friends in Kingston and vicinity.

Thomas and Mary Keyes, Bath road, and Miss Edith Keyes, of Wolfe Island, were the guests of Mr. R. Magee's for a week. They also visited friends in Millford and Picton and were accompanied by Alex. and Miss Minnie Magee.

Mrs. James Lawson, of Petrolia, is staying at present with her daughter, Mrs. Jno. Magee.

Mr. and Mrs. Dafee have returned from Morven where their son-in-law was very ill.

Mrs. Annie Wilson, Deseronto, was the guest of Miss Minnie Magee for a few days last week.

Will Glass and Miss Ried, Gosport, were renewing acquaintances on Sunday last.

We regret Mr. James Robertson is moving from our midst.

The many friends of Mrs. James McMurrin, Gosport, are very sorry to hear of her illness but hope for a speedy recovery. Rumor says a wedding soon.

GULL CREEK.

There are indications that winter is moderating, and that spring is drawing near. The cawing of the crows and the bleating of the lambs is commonly heard these pleasant days.

Charlie is drawing shingle timber to the mill. It is said that he is going to have a new shed built. No doubt it will prove very accommodating.

Messrs. John D. Waga and Geo. Clancy, from Centerville, were the guests of Mr. Darnis Dettlor on Monday last. Welcome

HAY BAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young, of Gretna, were the guest of Mr. M. E. Post, at this place on Sunday last.

Mr. Andrew Kimmerly, of Deseronto, was renewing old acquaintance last week. We are sorry to state that Mr. G. W. McCabe, of this place has been ill for a few days, and is slowly recovering.

On Thursday last Mrs. M. E. Post attended the sick at Gretna. She reported them on the mend.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Sparks of the Napanee River Road were renewing old friends here last week.

Some of the oldest members of the Presbyterian Sand Hill Church of this place attended the Quarterly Services at Napanee on Sunday last.

On Wednesday last M. N. B. McKim, of Selby, was in this section. He is agent for the Page Wire Fence Company. He reports business very dull.

On Wednesday last Mr. Warren Hunt, of Selby, was the guest of Mr. Ashton McCabe.

I guess there will be a wedding soon by the way the lath, lumber and sand flies.

Messrs. John Hamby and Simeon McCabe are busy hauling sand from the Bethany neighborhood sand-pit.

There will be more news next week from this place as the Judge will hold court again on Thursday evening to decide who is guilty and who is not.

Mr. Edward Miller has been renewing old acquaintance at Deseronto for the past week. He put up at the Oriental Hotel.

A meeting of the Napanee Bicycle Club will be held at the Paisley House next Monday March 18th, at 8 p. m., sharp, for the election of officers for the ensuing year etc. All members are urgently requested to be present as business of importance is to be transacted.

Fresh creams, 25c. to 60c. per lb., at Davis'.

Mr. John Jennings, of Newburgh, has fitted up the Hope Hotel, in that place, in good style. He has received his license and the house is now open to the public.

John W. Ronald, Brussels, Ont., manufacturer of steam fire engines, was acquitted at Belleville of a charge of offering a bribe to Robert F. Houston, reeve of the village of Tweed, to induce him to vote in council for purchase of fire engine of his (the accused) manufacture. A similar charge as to Frank Campbell, a member of the council, was decided in the same way.

The Newburgh male quartette sang very sweetly in the Western church on Sunday evening last.

About 11 o'clock on Thursday night 7th inst. the machine shop belonging to E. W. Stickney's Agricultural Works, together with the contents, including 100 reapers and mowers and other valuable machinery under construction, was totally destroyed by fire. The loss will reach \$10,000; no insurance. Robert Paul's planing mill and ash, door and blind factory adjoining narrowly escaped. Mr. Stickney will rebuild.

A couple of "young ducks" from Napanee formed the acquaintance of the Deseronto chief of police on Tuesday night last. He is a very nice man.

Messrs. Scott, Vanliven, Smith, Sills and Alexander were out for a hunt on Monday last, but returned home without securing any game. They sighted a fox, but it was a long way off, and they were weary.

The fire alarm was sounded on Sunday evening last for what proved to be a chimney on fire in Mr. Gleason's house.

We call your attention to our report of the Patron meeting on Saturday which appears on the second page. Mr. Haycock's speech will well repay your perusal, read, think, and inwardly digest it.

A genuine chinaman struck town this week. We understand he contemplates opening up a laundry establishment in the store in the Wilson Block, lately vacated by Mr. Cole.

Troublesome bogus coins, in the shape of fifty cent pieces, are in circulation. They

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Melbourne is to have a new tramway system. The cost is estimated at over £2,250,000.

America exports \$972,841,378 worth of goods and imports only \$746,736,273, according to latest figures.

The consumption per head of iron in Great Britain is more than three times as much as in Russia.

Europe produces every year about 5,000,000 pounds of tobacco, of which Austria grows about one-third.

A special train brought one million dollars' worth of silver ore from Cripple Creek to Denver a few days ago.

A bill was introduced in the Oklahoma Legislature on January 22, fixing the saloon-dealers' tax at \$1,000 per annum.

The Rev. Father John J. Carroll, of Chicago, is said to possess the only typewriter in the world with Gaelic characters.

China exports \$460,000 worth of human hair every year. It comes mostly from the heads of criminals, paupers and dead people.

The Berlin Street Car Company paid \$250,000 into the treasury of the city for the privilege of crossing the principal avenue, Unter den Linden, at one point.

A new railroad uniting the Atlantic and Pacific is nearly completed. It crosses the Andes and brings Buenos Ayres within forty hours' travel of Valparaiso.

A German has invented a small house capable of holding five persons, to be used in diving and working in sunken ships or valuable wreckage of other character.

Carrie Liebig has been appointed as a division surgeon of the Northern Pacific at Hope, Idaho. This is the first woman physician to be appointed in the railway service.

The new glass wall linings introduced in Berlin are not brittle, but they are so strong that they resist the necessity for residents of vitreous dwellings not to precipitate projectiles.

In 1893 no less than 12,132,311 bushels of buckwheat were raised, ground into meal and made into cakes, to be duly served with butter and the very best quality of maple syrup.

The life of a locomotive is fifteen years. It will run 270,000 miles, carry 6,000 tons, or \$1,000,000 passengers, and earn \$300,000. Its first cost is \$10,000, and its general average is 300 horsepower.

Ex-Senator Warren rarely takes a morning's walk around his Wyoming farm. One reason is that it is six times as big as the State of Rhode Island and has on it 2,000 horses, 15,000 cattle and 150,000 sheep.

A million dollars has been subscribed toward an industrial exhibition in Berlin in 1896. In connection with this fair it is intended to dig a tunnel under the Spree for the passage of the trolley leading to the place.

Including stocks and bonds, the railways of the United States are capitalized at \$6,000 per mile while those of Great Britain are capitalized at \$220,000 per mile, or nearly 400 per cent. higher than in this country.

A Taunton, Mass., barber has an idea. Business being dull at home he proposes to take a bicycle and go out into the country, calling at farm houses and shaving and trimming the inhabitants of the rural sections.

Probably the largest single order for aluminum ever given is that of the French Minister of Marine. It is for 42,000 kilograms of the metal, to be used in the construction of steam launchers for the navy.

The city of Buenos Ayres has the largest street car system, in proportion to its population, of any city in the world. The total number of passengers carried last year was 71,345,541, while the monthly average was 5,955,547.

Representative Donovan has introduced a bill in the Michigan Legislature to require railroad companies operating in that State to issue mileage books which shall be good on all roads in the State, and shall also be redeemable and interchangeable.

In sixteen months the great drainage canal of the City of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over thirty miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will have been \$2,000,000, and they have been fooling with the thing off and on for 250 years.

lamps have one light each and two have three; and they are placed at 3 1/2 yards apart; and print can be read at any part of the street. The ordinary gas flames look poor in comparison. The experiment is to last from the middle of October to the middle of April. The lighting is all worked by a turn of the hand, so that all the lamps shine out at once, like the electric light. At Vienna prices the incandescent lamps cost 0.384d. per hour for a 19-candle light, the arc lamp costs 7.6d. per hour for 1,200 candles; so that the water gas Welsbach costs one-twelfth of the former and one-fourth of the latter for a given amount of light. The water gas Welsbach gives out only half the heat of the coal gas Welsbachs.—Gas World.

STERILIZING FOOD PRODUCTS.

Exhaustive Experiments Give a Process of Great Commercial Value.

The noted chemist and bacteriologist, Dr. Kuhn, of Paris, in an address delivered before the London meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry, gave the results of the long series of experiments which he has conducted on the rational sterilization of alimentary liquids. The use of antiseptics he rejects, since the chemical substance necessary to destroy germ life becomes dangerous when taken into the stomach. His method is to use heat for sterilization, but only sufficient to bring about the destruction of living organisms. As soon as this result is achieved rapid cooling takes place, and the liquid must not be allowed to cool gradually, as the intermediate temperatures are harmful. The heat must also be equally distributed, as overheating of any part affects the flavor and brilliancy by coagulating and precipitating the nitrogenous albuminoids. His apparatus is perfectly airtight, and silver-plated internally, which prevents the slightest metallic action. An important point of the process is the complete reabsorption by the liquid of the gases and vapors given off during the process of heating, and this is achieved by regulating the level to which the cylinders are filled. The apparatus has been tested at many of the European laboratories, with malt and other liquors intended for export; sterilization of milk, meat extracts and potable waters, and for preservation of fruits and syrups. The general opinion of those who took part in the discussion was that the apparatus was destined to yield valuable results in surgery and the industrial sciences.

Ownership of Engagement Rings.

An important decision has just been pronounced in Vermont as to engagement rings. A young man sued to recover one that he had given to a young woman, who, after accepting the ring, repudiated the engagement. The judge decided that it must be returned or else that the recipient must fulfill the conditions under which it was presented. The English courts some years ago decided that an engagement ring is not recoverable under any circumstances.—New York Telegram.

Nutmeg Poisoning.

A case of poisoning by nutmegs is reported to The London Lancet by a Scotch doctor. A woman for some reason had swallowed two nutmegs ground into a little gin. She was seized with vertigo, became delirious, while the heart's action became faint. It took three days of energetic treatment to set her on her feet again.

**NOT ONE DAY
FREE FROM HEADACHE.**

Three Years of Suffering, Headache Every Day, and no Relief from Doctors or Medicine until B. B. made a Complete Cure.

DEAR SIR:—I had severe Headache for the past three years, and was not free from it a single day. I used doctor's medicines and all others I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must try B. B. because it is the best medicine ever made, and I took three bottles of it, with the result that I was completely cured. I took Burdock's Blood Purifier, both for the face and as a Blood Purifier, is the best in the world, and so glad to recommend it to all my friends.

MRS. FLORENCE McDONALD,
Miss Florence McDonald, Ont.

Darius Dettlor on Monday last. Welcome to the streets.

Mrs. J. R. Fraser, Tainworth, and J. W. Bell, ex-M.P., passed through this neighborhood on Saturday, the 9th inst., facing northward. What is in the wind?

Mrs. A. H. Jones has gone for a visit to her parents and friends on Perry road and near Harlow.

The shanties must be breaking up for the present season, as some of the shanty boys are returning home Sweet Home.

The young from this place who were at Mount Hope church tea meeting on Saturday night, the 9th inst., say there was a merry good time there. Could it be otherwise, with such talent on the platform?

A sheep, the property of J. H. Jones, had twin lambs recently, both compact, but were joined at their side from their shoulders backward. Their appearance was a wonder to all who saw them.

HAWLEY.

Not seeing any correspondence in your valuable paper from this place for some time I thought I would send you a few lines.

We are sorry to state Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dettlor have moved to their former home at Adolphstown. Before leaving about forty young folks gathered at their place and spent a very enjoyable evening. The young ladies served tea, coffee and cake and also taffy. After enjoying themselves for a few hours they returned home, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Dettlor all success in their new home. What is our loss is Adolphstown's gain.

We are pleased to state Mrs. William Fretts is slowly recovering.

The surprise party at Mr. Murney Hark's proved a grand success. The young men should feel proud of the way the young ladies served the cake, coffee and tea. Mr. editor if you hear of any merchant, doctor or lawyer looking for a wife, just direct them to Hawley.

Rumor says a couple of weddings soon. Both ladies live in brick houses. Further particulars later.

We were pleased to have Miss Pollard, of Napanee, at Mr. Murney Parks on the evening of the surprise party. Come again Belle.

Mr. editor, we are thinking of the mean way the reformers of this part are used. We have to vote either tory or patron. If every man votes as we says he will Mr. Wilson will be like the man driving the hearse. He won't be in it.

SELBY.

Lots to eat, but not much money in this place.

We are glad to hear the crows once more as they remind us of the coming spring.

Maggie has claimed the Ruby that was found.

Two of our young men made a short stay at Newburgh on Sunday, eh Drum?

Miss Bell Friskin returned home on Sunday after spending a few days with friends at Newburgh.

Mrs. George Hudgins is sick.

Mr. Datis Dennison is down with La Grippe.

Miss Alice Thompson, of Deseronto, is the guest of Miss Ida Dafoe.

Miss Nettie Stratton is going to Kingston to stay a while. She will be greatly missed, especially as organist. I wonder where the grey horse will go then. Do you know Willie?

Miss Maude Stratton is going to Napanee to learn the millinery trade. We wish you great success Maude.

The At Home social on Tuesday night was a grand success. There was lots of cake and coffee and everybody said they had a good time. Proceeds amounted to \$13.50.

Our Prayer meetings are grand in this place. It seems to be God's chosen place and people. May we so live that we may have the blessing and smile of God resting upon us. Come one, come all to our meetings.

Now Mr. Editor I will close by saying Good bye till I write again. Good-bye.—Farmer's Son.

A Prominent Lawyer Says: "I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The greatest flesh and blood maker in existence and a life-saver to consumptives is Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, "the kind that cures" bronchitis, coughs, colds and all lung troubles. Every bottle warranted. No other is like others. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1.00, at druggists.

A lot of interesting local matter, and several editorial articles are unavoidably held over this week.

fifty cent pieces, and in circulation. They are a good imitation in size, weight, appearance and "ring," and it requires some skill to detect them.

Gossips are unreasonable persons, who expect people to believe what they say.

A great many of the pointers which generous friends give us are not worth a cent.

While driving from Napanee to Odessa, recently Charles Krentzmar, a furrier, was thrown from a cutter and fractured his arm.

DATES AND DATE-TREES.

Something About the Delicious Fruit of the Sahara Desert.

The oasis in the Qued Ris consists mainly of palm trees sheltering other trees. There are more than 600,000 palm trees and about 100,000 fruit trees. The date palm is the great nutritive product and feeding medium of the Sahara; without it the plains would be everywhere desert. Fortunately it requires for its perfect maturity and the prime quality of its fruit those very conditions that the Sahara possesses—torrid heat in summer and intense dryness of the air.

It thrives in the most arid soil, but it must have water, and plenty of it, at its roots. And it is the singularity of the Sahara, aptly called the land of thirst, that it conceals treasures of irrigation, and that it is only on those spots where the treasure may be easily obtained that the clusters of palms are found.

The delicate, transparent date, known as "neglet nous," is the choice fruit fetching the highest price. It is at all times the rarest, changing its nature from one region to another, and being, more than any other, dependent upon the character of the soil and the climate where it grows. The remaining varieties, although numerous, may be divided into two classes: The soft dates, which are compressed between goat skins and sold in cakes in the Arab markets, and are consumed by the poorer classes, and the dry dates, of which the nomads slip a few dozen in the folds of their "bourous" for their daily consumption.

The cheaper kinds are almost entirely disposed of in the country, and are not considered worth exporting. Like other harvests, the date gathering is subject to vicissitudes and fluctuations, and prices vary accordingly.—The New York Ledger.

Champagne.

There are two peculiarities about champagne drinking which are capable of explanation. The one is the rapidity with which the wine exhilarates, notwithstanding the small proportion of alcohol it contains. This is due to the carbonic acid gas evolved, which is inhaled while drinking, for it is the property of this gas to expedite the action of anything with which it is associated. It is estimated that one glass of champagne is equal in effect to two glasses of still wine of the same strength and is more rapid in action. The other peculiarity is the sort of lethargy or deadness which follows after excessive champagne drinking. This is analogous to the stupor produced by carbonic acid gas, but it is assisted and intensified by the excess of sugar deranging the stomach. The undigested sugar turns into acid, and thus it is that too much champagne is apt to produce dyspepsia.—New York Record.

The tameness of some animals in thinly settled districts is remarkable. While a young man was fishing on an old dam in a New England stream a chipmunk ran out from the wood and boldly picked up the crumbs from his luncheon that were scattered near him. Then, curious as to what kind of animal the young man was, the chipmunk ran upon his leg as far as his knee, chattered for an instant and whisked off into the forest again.

Bloodhounds for thief-catching are used with much success and spectacular effect in several southern and western states, and sets of the animals are permanently added to the sheriff's outfit in some counties of Kentucky and Missouri. A pair of hounds in Hardin County, Kentucky, were set on the trail of a thief one afternoon recently, and after following it five miles, ran into a house, upstairs, and into a bed in which the thief, his wife and two children were asleep.

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The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, MAR. 15, 1895.

HAYCOCK AT NAPANEE.

The large and enthusiastic crowd that packed the town hall, Napanee, on Saturday afternoon last, is a good

but he assured them, as he did on that occasion, that it was purely owing to a misunderstanding for which Mr. Haycock nor himself were to blame. He was pleased to have Mr. Haycock with them for several reasons. The newspapers had taken to printing Mr. Haycock's picture. These pictures were not very flattering, and he was glad to be able to show them the original. Mr. Switzer did not intend to make a speech. He could expound to them at any time, but it was not often they had Mr. Haycock with them, so he proposed to make way and give up all the time to Mr. Haycock.

Mr. Haycock was greeted with enthusiastic applause when he came forward and his remarks were listened to with great interest. He said he knew of no place in Canada where he considered it a greater honor to address a meeting than in Lennox, the county of his birth. He was afraid that he would appear at some disadvantage. The Press had said some very kind things about him, but they had placed his abilities too high. He was afraid they would be as badly disappointed as the Scotchman in Glengarry. Mr. Haycock was addressing quite an audience of Scotchmen in Glengarry last summer. One particularly unruly Scotchman interrupted him during the course of his remarks by asking him "If he believed the statements in the newspapers that they were selling binder twine cheaper in Canada than in the United States?" Mr. Haycock replied that he did not know, as the newspapers did not always tell the truth. The Scotchman replied "That is so, for I saw your picture in the papers and it was a far better looking man than you are." Mr. Haycock hoped they would not be disappointed. He did not pose as an orator, nor was he vain of his good looks. After the next General Election he was going to have his picture re-done in coal oil.

The speaker said that old-time political stumpers generally started out by telling the farmers of their financial position. If he was an old-time Grit speaker he would endeavor to send them all home feeling as if they were tramps. If he was an old-time Tory he would try to make them go home feeling that they were all millionaires. He would not insult their intelligence by telling the farmers their financial condition. All the farmer had to do was to put his hand in his pocket and ascertain for himself whether he was rich or not. At former political meetings the doctors and the lawyers used to come along and tell the farmers that they were the bone and sinew of the country. They had not yet reduced him to skin and bone. Mr. Haycock was not there to make them feel rich or poor.

"Lives of farmers all remind us
Honest toil don't stand a chance
More we work we leave behind us
Bigger patches on our pants."

Mr. Haycock said that for the past twenty-five years there had been two parties in Canada. The Reform party, who were called the party of purity, and the Conservative party, who were called the party of devilry. This might be changed to read, the Reformers, a party whose ways are paved with good intentions, but never get there, the Tories, a party whose actions are dark and whose ways never change.

Partyism might be explained as a system whereby honest men tie each others hands in the interest of dishonest men. Say there are 80 honest men, divided equally into two parties, and 20 dishonest men who for the largest financial inducement will vote for either side. The Government have an election fund, contributed to by the school book monopolist, the manufacturer and the government contractors. John Smith, the candidate, sends for some money and by the distribution of it among the 20 dishonest men he is elected. John Smith goes to Ottawa,

some good reason for it. The two old parties said that the Patrons had stolen the best planks out of their platforms and appropriated them to themselves. It was so, that the Patron platform embraced all the good points in that of their opponents, together with the many good planks of their own, it showed conclusively that the Patrons had the best platform. The Conservatives claim that plank seven of Patron Platform which gives to each county the power to appoint or elect all county officials paid by them was stolen from them. But as the Patrons had engrafted that plank in their platform three years before the Conservatives ever spoke of it, he would like to know, Who was the thief? The Liberals claim that the Tariff for Revenue plank of the Patrons was taken from them. The Liberal Party has had Unrestricted Reciprocity, Commercial Union, and several other policies, and as the Patrons had adopted the Tariff for Revenue plank two years before the meeting of the Liberal Convention at Ottawa, their claim to the ownership of it was not very well founded.

Mr. Haycock said it was not the original intention of the Patrons to send members to Parliament. They had thought that all they had to do was to get together, send in their demands to Parliament, and they would be granted. The Patrons had sent petition after petition, clothed in beautiful language, to the Parliaments of Ottawa and Toronto. The Governments took them into their serious consideration, and they have got them there yet. The Patrons perceiving that this mode of procedure was ineffectual, decided to send up a few petitions clothed in full cloth and cow hide boots.

There would have been more Patrons elected at the last elect on but for several reasons. The Patrons were an unknown quantity. It was thought that they would not stand true to their principles—that the Patron Grit would vote Grit, and the Patron Tory, Tory. The web of political bigotry was so tight they could not break loose from it. After the election it was discovered that 17 Patrons had been elected and that there had been 98,000 votes polled. Then it was said that when they went down to the House the Patron members elect would vote on old party lines. When Mr. Haycock went down to Toronto, he was forced to admit, after reading all the newspapers had said, that he was a little suspicious. He knew he was all right, but he was afraid of the other fellow. When the Patrons got to Toronto they called a meeting of the members elect, appointed Bro. Mallory president, and decided to hold a little experience meeting, to see how they intended to act. To this end they elected Bro. Mallory class-leader, and imagine Mr. Haycock's surprise when man after man got up and said that he had come down to Toronto fully determined to support "the principles embodied in the Patron Platform. He then discovered that the newspapers had lied, not intentionally, perhaps, but there optics were blinded by political bigotry. After the Patron members discovered that they had all come their with the same fixed purpose, the feeling of distrust that all had experienced passed away, one of confidence took its place. And when Bro. Denyes resolution "that we pledge ourselves to vote and act unitedly on all questions declared by the majority of the Patron members to be Patron questions, and we hereby declare our determination to resist all attempts at coalition or affiliation with either of the existing political parties," no one proposed a cheer, but simultaneously every one cheered. Mr. Haycock referred to how the Patrons had all been given seats together in the House. He said both the old parties used them well at Toronto.

Referring to the division on the

Government did not take action in accordance with the platform of the Patrons, they would introduce a measure into Parliament and endeavor to enforce their demands. In the matter of county officials the Patrons were in favor of having them elected by the people, still he did not think it made much difference which way they were appointed as long as we got good men by paying them a fair remuneration for their services. The Ontario Government used the power invested in them of appointing officials by rewarding partisans for past services. The speaker told of one registrar who received \$1,500, who hired a man at \$400 a year to look after the office, and the whole expenses of the office did not amount to over \$800. This official did not go near the office once a month. The Government paid that man the extra \$700 as a reward for party services. Mr. Haycock believed in the absolute independence of parliament, and to this end had refused all offers of free passes from railroads.

The Patrons would endeavor to make it a violation of the Independence of Parliament for any member to accept a free pass from any transportation company. It has been made an offence against the election law for a candidate to buy a five cent glass of whiskey for a voter, and any man who held that a free pass from a railroad company did not influence a member when any legislation affecting that company came up, in the House was a hypocritical Pharisee, who thanked God he was better than other men. A bill will shortly come up before parliament to grant the Kingston and Cataraqui Railway power to extend their road to Napanee, the G. T. R. want that bill buried. How can these members holding free passes from the G. T. R. Company vote independently on that measure. Mr. McLean, the member for East York, recently introduced a bill before the House, to make a certain fixed rate per mile for railway companies to charge, no matter how long or short the distance. The other day Mr. Haycock wanted to go from Fredericksburgh to Kingston on the train, and he found the rate was \$1.25, while from Kingston to Napanee, which is seven miles further, the charge was only \$1.20. When he inquired the reason for this he was informed that Napanee was a competitive point, as a stage ran between Kingston and Napanee. Now, what reason have members of Parliament with free passes in their pockets to care what the general public pay, or whether there are competitive points or not.

A man in the audience here asked Mr. Haycock the question, if it was so that the Ontario Government had supplied the Patrons with a committee room and a private secretary, Mr. Haycock said the statement was both correct and incorrect. When the Patrons went down to Toronto they found that the Reformers and Conservatives had committee rooms. The Patrons thought if the lawyers and doctors were entitled to a committee room, surely the farmers, who paid the lion's share of erecting the Parliament Buildings, were too, and they applied to the Government for a room and got it. In reference to the private secretary, a member of the Government had offered him the services of Mr. Phillips Thompson, to hunt up any information that Mr. Haycock might require, write letters for him, etc. Mr. Haycock asked: "Is this gentleman in the employ of the Government now?" "Yes."

"If I avail myself of his services will his salary be increased?" "No."

"Will it interfere with the discharge of his other duties, or necessitate the employ of any one else to perform his present duties?" "No."

On these conditions Mr. Haycock accepted the gentleman's services.

The speaker dealt at some length with the question of the abolition of

on Saturday afternoon last is a good augury of the success of E. B. Switzer in the on-coming election, and evinces the deep interest the electorate in this district take in his candidature. Never have we attended a more unanimous or orderly meeting, and the frequent applause that greeted the many good points scored by Mr. J. L. Haycock showed that those present were fully in accord with the speaker and recognized the force and truth of what he was propounding.

A number of ladies graced the occasion with their presence and occupied positions of honor on the platform.

The townhall was totally inadequate to accommodate the large crowd, and many were forced to turn away. The meeting was called to order about 2 p.m. by the appointment of Mr. Charles Files as chairman. Mr. Files filled this responsible post of honor very creditably and acceptably, and in a brief and well-worded address explained the objects of the meeting, and extended an invitation to Mr. Wilson, or any representative in his behalf, to come forward, when a reasonable time would be granted him to present his side of the political question. Mr. Wilson failing to respond, the chairman called upon E. B. Switzer, the Patron candidate in Lennox for the Dominion Parliament.

Mr. Switzer, on rising to address the audience, was greeted with loud cheers. He said the circumstances at present were more pleasant than on the other afternoon when he addressed an audience here. He was pleased to see so many ladies present. It was a proper place for ladies, and if they were present oftener on occasions of this kind there would be better conduct at political meetings. They had been disappointed on the former occasion in not having Mr. Haycock with them.

When he gets there he is told that if it hadn't been for the \$20,000 sent down to him he wouldn't have been elected. And then he is told that it was not for love of him, nor yet for the miserable devils that took it, that the money was sent down. Oh, no. The manufacturer wants his money back in the shape of a little more protection, the contractor wants another fat job, and so it goes on. Look at the Connolly-Larkin fund, a firm who got a half million dollars by dishonest contracts. Here is an example of how justice is meted out in Canada. Connolly and Larkin stole twenty thousand dollars from the country. A short while ago two young men broke into a store in Kingston and stole a clean shirt. They were caught and given three years in gaol. What did Connolly and Larkin get? One year in gaol without hard labor. After a three months sojourn the atmosphere of the gaol was found to be injurious to their health, and the Government let them out. No wonder the atmosphere of the gaol was bad with those two rascals in it. It's a wonder their breath did not pollute and poison the other inmates to death. Can you endorse this kind of justice in Canada? Where is the remedy to come from? The 20 dishonest men who take the bribe, or the 80 honest men who furnish the Government with the power to give it? The remedy is to be found by the honest men of both parties joining with the Patrons. The Patrons of Industry had formulated a platform so wide that the honest men of both the old parties could unite upon it and make out of this Dominion the grand country that the Creator intended it should be. There was something in the Patrons of Industry after all. You can't bring a party into such prominence in such a short time without

budget, Mr. Haycock explained that a motion was moved to go into Committee of Supply, and any amendment to that motion was a want of confidence motion in the Government. The opposition had moved in amendment that we do not go into Committee of Supply but "That the Speaker do not now leave the chair, and that it be resolved that in the opinion of the House the present mode of paying registrars of deeds and other county officials is unsatisfactory; that said officials should be paid by salary, such salaries to be commensurate with the duties performed, and the surplus fees, if any, should be funded for the benefit of the municipalities." It was simply a catch question, and the Patrons were not going to be made a catspaw of to suit the ends of any party. The Government had appointed a commission to enquire into the fee question, and the Patrons had promised to wait till that commission presented its report to the House. The Patrons voted against the amendment, and as men of integrity they could not have acted otherwise. Had they adopted any other course they would have branded themselves as rascals. And what object would have been gained. Had they voted for the amendment the Government would still have had a majority of seven over all. But had the result been different, and the support of the Patrons to the amendment would have brought about the defeat of the Government, what would have been gained by that action? A general dissolution and appeal to the people at the cost of thousands of dollars to the country. In this matter the Patrons had voted in the interests of the farmers. The Patrons had promised to wait till the commission on the fee question took down their report, and then if the

the maintenance of Government House. The Lieutenant-Governor received \$100,000 for duties that were almost purely a grey-headed old man, tottering and infirm, who held out his hand and said, "please give me something for I am hungry." The thought struck Mr. Haycock that if the money wasted in keeping up the grand show at the Government House was expended towards keeping up charitable institutions, or distributed among the poor and hungry it would be more christian and divine, and alleviate a lot of suffering. It was argued that our Lieutenant-Governor did not cost us much, as his salary was paid by the Dominion Government. It would be much cheaper for Ontario if she paid the salary of her Lieutenant-Governor. There were eight Lieutenant-Governors in Canada, and as Ontario was the largest and richest province she had to pay the lion's share of the salaries of those officials. The speaker said that when Mr. Switzer went to Ottawa he would support a resolution to abolish the maintenance of Rideau Hall. We had too much government in Canada. Compare New York state with her six millions of population with Canada which had hardly five millions. Our governors alone cost \$250,000 a year, while New York State had only one



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LESS THAN FIRST COST

until stock is entirely disposed of

JAMES H. DOWNEY.

governor whom they paid but \$10,000 a year. We were either a mighty hard people to govern or else we were over governed. There is too much machinery in connection with the government of Canada, and remember that every bit of it is oiled with farmers' sweat.

Mr. Haycock here turned his attention to the system of superannuating civil servants. This system was not applied to the producers, and why should it be applied to the parasites. These men who have been superannuated would not have remained in the employ of the government one hour if they could have bettered their condition anywhere else. They were paid a good salary, and should have saved enough out of it to keep them when they had retired from the public service without paying them out of the public revenue \$260,000. The speaker

who has no Senate, had a surplus of four millions of dollars; Quebec with a Senate had a deficit of \$40,000. Some said that we could not abolish the Senate, as it was part of the Constitution, and if we did attempt to abolish it the House of Lords, who it would finally come before, would veto the attempt to do so. The speaker thought if they didn't hurry up there wouldn't be any House of Lords left to veto it. Mr. Haycock said that if we must have a Senate for heaven's sake let it be an elective one. Senators, at present, were not appointed for any peculiar fitness for the position. It was simply a hospital in which the government put condemned politicians. They were an irresponsible body, as there was no limit to their occupancy of the position. They stay there till nature removes them. Some of the senators have got so deaf that they

supposed to leave off your clothes and wear diamonds. Clothes are a luxury, diamonds are a necessity. Speaking of oil reminded him that there was one oil that the government had put on the free list. He heard of it and during harvest time last summer he wanted some oil for his mowing machine, and as this oil was on the freelist he thought it must be cheap. So he took his can and went into Wade's drug store in Kingston, and asked the clerk for half a gallon of oil of Attar of Roses. All the astonished clerk could ejaculate was one great big "what?" He said that as Attar of Roses was on the free list he thought it would be cheap. The clerk informed him it was four cents a drop. Mr. Haycock didn't take any of it. In the face of these facts the speaker said they have the audacity to tell us that they tax the luxuries and not the necessities. Isn't it a farce. The idea of taxing our clothing and letting wool come in free. He did not know why they let the class of wool referred to above in free, unless it was to have enough to pull over the farmers' eyes. Now let us consider how they have protected the home market for the farmers. The government have put a 20 per cent. duty on barley to keep the Americans from sending their barley into Canada. (loud laughter), they have put a duty on Canadian cheese, also to keep this fellow out.

Mr. Haycock said if he was a believer in protection there was one way the government could have assisted and protected the farmers if they were desirous of doing so. There was one million and forty seven thousand beef hides imported into Canada from Australia free of duty last year. A duty of two per cent. would have helped the farmers of Canada. Just the moment those hides passed into the hands of the tanner to be manufactured into leather there was 15 per cent duty chucked on to it. When the farmer owned it, it was raw material, with the tanner it was the finished product, and passed in to the hands of the boot and shoe makers, harness makers, and an additional 25 to 30 per cent. duty clapped on to it. Your representative, the gentleman who assisted to bring this about, whose in-

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" 271y.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES

The leather trade is called fairly prosperous. Leather is always in demand.

In railroad building, 1,394 has been the slackest year since the war, only 1,751 miles of new track having been laid.

The Russian Government has sanctioned a telegraph line from St. Petersburg to the Marinn coast at an expenditure of about 5,000,000 roubles.

An electric road is now proposed from the city of Gettysburg to the way to Baltimore.

A rise in the price of beef is threatened. In Kansas City a new schedule has gone into effect with local butchers necessitating an average advance of two and a half cents a pound to customers.

According to official figures, 41,391,139 tons of anthracite coal were marketed in 1894, though probably from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 tons more were mined. This is less than the 43,829,533 tons in 1893, or the 41,823,300 tons of 1892, but exceeds the output of any year previous to 1892.

A number of Western water powers transmit electric power from fifteen to thirty miles.

In sixteen months the great drainage canal of the City of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over thirty miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will have been \$20,000,000, and they have been looking with the thing off and on for

Public revenue \$260,000. The speaker gave a list of civil servants showing how the system had been abused, and that men who were in good health were superannuated with a good allowance to make room for some needy partizan. He cited the case of John Dawson, Wolfe Island, who had been superannuated on account of old age and infirmity, and Wm. Horn, a man several years older than Dawson, appointed in his stead. Horn was dead and another man had his place, while Dawson, who had been superannuated on account of old age and infirmity, was acting as license inspector and working his farm. One case cited is worthy of special mention. When Edward Blake, who on account of his great ability, was paid \$15,000 a year by the C. P. R. company as their solicitor, severed his connection with the company and went to the old country, the company substituted, on account of his great ability, Judge Clarke, of Colborne, paying him \$15,000. The government superannuated Judge Clarke with a yearly allowance of \$1600 on account of his old age and infirmities. At the end of each year Judge Clarke holds out his right hand, and on account of his great ability draws \$15,000 from the C. P. R. Co., and then he holds out his aged and infirm left hand, and draws \$1600 from the government on account of his inability to perform the services. Mr. Haycock asked, "Has your representative presented your views when he never raised his voice on the floor of the House against this system?" You want to get rid of machine politics. Send men to parliament who will represent your views, ideas and interests. The farmers are the only class of men whose representatives do not represent their views. Foster and Tupper represent the views of the fishermen of New Brunswick, and arrange the tariff in their interests. The fishermen wanted free salt and material for their pets and they got it. The farmers want free salt for their cattle and their porridge. Did your representative raise his voice to get it for you? No; there is a duty of 15 per cent. on it, and 20 per cent. on the sack. Your representative has not worked in your interest and you will tell him so with no uncertain sound when you get an opportunity. Mines were opened up and the owners wanted to import machinery to work them and they were immediately placed on the free list. The farmers wanted agricultural implements but your representative did not get them put on the free list. He did not blame Mr. Wilson. He went to parliament under contract and simply lived up to that contract. They did not want to send men to parliament who were under contract. In Mr. Switzer they had a man who had integrity and ability, and the farmers would do him and themselves honor in sending him there.

Referring to the abolition of the Dominion Senate Mr. Haycock said he did not wish to say much on this subject. The Senate was as useless as the fifth wheel to the coach. That it was a drawback to the country could be shown by a comparison. Ontario,

therefore removes some of the senators have got so deaf that they can't hear the speaker on the opposite side of the chamber, and some so blind that they cannot see him. One poor old fellow has got so infirm and decrepit that he is unable to go to the hotel, so a bed has been rigged up for him in the House, and every morning when the Senate meets the door of his room is opened and he hollers out from his bed, "here!" For performing those services he gets a \$1000 a year. If you are satisfied with this, stick to your old parties and you'll have it.

Mr. Haycock said that tariff for revenue only, and so adjusted as to fail, as far as possible, upon the luxuries and not upon the necessities of life, is the eighth plank in the Patron platform. The Reformers go in for this, too. The Conservatives claim for protection. The Conservatives claim that the N. P. tariff is so framed that it falls more lightly on the necessities of life, and heavier on the luxuries. At any rate all are agreed that it is the proper thing to lay the duties on luxuries, and not on the necessities.

Next to air and water, the speaker thought, light was the most essential thing. The government taxed coal oil 100 per cent. We used sixteen million gallons of coal oil per year in Canada. Of this we import six million gallons from America, on which we pay a duty of 100 per cent. This money paid in duty goes into the revenue of the country all right. There is ten million gallons of coal oil manufactured in Canada. The heavy duty on the oil allows the few men engaged in the business to put down in their pockets six million dollars annually. Who count? The few or the many. There is eleven refineries in Canada employing 250 men. Take the duty off coal oil, pay those men the money invested in the business, give the 250 men employed \$1.25 a day to sit on the fence, and after doing all this, you will still have \$400,000 left in your pocket on the investment. The wealthy man burns gas and electricity; coal oil is the light of the poor man, and on this the duty is 100 per cent. Electric light free, coal oil taxed 100 per cent. In the face of this it is absurd to claim that the government taxes the luxuries and not the necessities.

Then there was clothing. They must wear clothes. The law compelled them to do so. What action had the government taken regarding it. The government claim that they grant protection to the farmer in the home market. Let us see. There is a duty on certain classes of wool, and certain classes come in free. Strange to say of the class of wool on which there is a duty there was imported into Canada 1028 pounds, while of that class admitted in free there was imported three million pounds. The farmer has to compete in the market of the world against all comers, but just as soon as his wool goes to the weaver has the farmer the privilege of buying in the markets of the world. No; he finds that when he goes to buy his clothing there is a duty of from 40 to 50 per cent. upon it. And then we look around and find that diamonds are on the free list. You farmers are

assisted to bring this about, whose interest was he working in when he helped to frame a tariff of that description. Was he working in the interest of the farmers or for his individual interests? If the farmers are wise they will send men to Ottawa whose interests are identical with their own.

Mr. Haycock dealt with the trading feature of the Patrons, and was glad to say that it had been almost done away with. He said the storekeepers had nothing to fear from them. They should both unite together, as they were each fighting combines. He showed how the Patrons had been successful in breaking the salt combine. Referring to the oft repeated assertion that the farmers could not get along without lawyers in parliament. He said that there were eleven lawyers in the Cabinet of seventeen members at Ottawa, and notwithstanding this fact they had paid \$110,000 for legal advice. This was a lot of money, and if Mr. Haycock had it he would want a mighty lot of legal advice to induce him to part with it. In reply to the question that the farmers were well off, he said that the one knows better than the one who wears it where the shoe pinches the most, and no one knows better than the farmer his own condition. A Spanish proverb says "that a fool knows better how to run his own house than a wise man knows how to run his neighbors." The farmer knew what they wanted and they had set out to get it. There was a large number of honest men who were with the Patrons although they did not belong to them. The Patrons intended to go on in such ornamental, and as the duties were light he thought the Lieut.-Governor ought to be able to board himself and keep his own house. Mr. Haycock said that he had received an invitation to attend one of the Lieut.-Governor's parties. He could not accept it consistently, so he did not go. On the evening of the party he and a friend walked down passed the residence of the Lieut.-Governor. It is a beautiful building, and it has cost the rate-payers of Ontario over a quarter of a million dollars to maintain it since confederation. It was beautifully illuminated as they passed it, and sweet sounds issued from it, for they had a brass band in attendance. He and his friend had just turned the corner on this gay scene, when they met a manner as to win the confidence of their friends, and compel their enemies to respect them. There were certain men whom they never expected would be with the Patrons. Men who were Grits and Tories because their fathers were. They were in a rut, worn for them by their fathers, down to the very hub, and it would wrench every spoke out of the political hub for them to get out of it. There was also the great army of partizans, whose politics had become chronic to them, they had become petrified. They were wrapped up in their shell of political bigotry, from which it was impossible for them to disunite themselves. But independent of these there was the great army of men who would not let the decayed and mouldering dust of their ancestors brains do the thinking for them.

The meeting broke up with three cheers for Switzer and Haycock.

A large stock of all the latest novels just arrived at the Express Bookstore.

Signs of worms are variable appetite itching at the nose, etc. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm expeller.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 2 days its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly cures, 75 cents. Sold by W. S. Deller, Druggist—New York.

Hayward's Perforal Balm cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

be used for the, and the, have been taking with the thing of and on for 30 years.

New Billigan, England, a cableway has recently been constructed for the conveyance of passengers across the "Devils Dike." When of the middle this cableway is about 210 feet above the bottom of the dike and box like cars have no sliding sides, so no one can fall off.

C. C. ROBERTS & CO.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1883 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

Linwood, Ont. JAS. M. KEE.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes
The following is a true story of a perfect relief from all forms of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedy cures of a cure. It is a perfect remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and All Symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One or two envelopes will by W. S. Deller, New York.

In answer to the question, "What is the cause of the trouble?" the answer is, "The trouble is the heart, and the heart is the cause of the trouble."

But what is the cause of the trouble, and the answer is, "The trouble is the heart, and the heart is the cause of the trouble."

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Before removing to new premises we offer you the Choice of our Suits, for one month only, at \$14.50.

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I CURE FITS!

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PATENTS

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MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

Minard's Liniment

It's Astonishing

that notwithstanding the 20 days of Big Selling since we opened the Hinch & Co. Bankrupt Stock, you can hardly see the difference in the shelves. Don't imagine for a moment that the bargains are all gone—there are more and bigger bargains to be given all next week.

We have marked down a lot of Furs at prices to save every buyer 50 per cent. on their money.

We will clear \$7 large Grey Robes for \$5.00.

We will sell an \$8 better quality for \$5.50.

We will sell an \$8.50 Superior Robe for \$6.00.

Some fine Black Robes, Wombat Robes and White Goat Robes to be sacrificed.

We will clear a nice Black Lamb Coat for \$9, \$17 Seal Caps for \$12, \$16 Seal Caps for \$11, \$15 Seal Caps for \$10, Grey Caps as low as \$1.00

We will sell Fur Lined Capes from \$5.00. Fur Lined Circulars from \$8.00.

We have only 13 Astracan Mantles left, but some of the best are still here. They have been going fast, and some of them to purchasers from long distances. We want to clear these 13 out in one week. "That's our stint." Now "Pater familias" this is your chance to redeem that promise to your wife made so long ago. You can save \$10 to \$15 by buying that Fur Mantle now instead of six months hence. Can you make money faster? Won't it pay you to borrow the money if you haven't got it? Think of it! we will give you a splendid \$35 Mantle for \$25, and a \$45 one for \$30. Other prices between at correspondingly large savings.

Equal inducements for saving will be given on Men's Overcoats. We have brought them all up from the basement and placed them on a table near the eastern window. See for yourself the red ink prices, which are lower than the makers prices. One line we clear at \$3.00 each, which were cheap at \$5.00.

We will sell a lot of Wool Goods as Hoods Caps, etc., for 10c each, regular price 60c, 90c, to \$1.25.

We will clear a lot of Print Shirts, only 3 doz of them left, at 25c. each, regular \$1 and \$1.25 goods, all complete with 2 and 3 Collars.

We will clear a lot of 75c Cream Silk Handkerchiefs for 35c. Also a lot of Lawn and Linen sample Handkerchiefs at about half regular value.

Every way you look, at every turn you take around this great store you are confronted with Bargains that can't be duplicated after these are sold.

We secured a lot of Bargains last week, such as Prints, worth 12½c, which we are selling at 7½c, others as low as 4 cents. Shirting at 4c., Gingham at 4½c.

We don't want to forget to mention those Cloth Mantles which have made a sensation in this district at 75c, \$1.00 and \$2.00, worth from \$6 to \$20. Piles have been sold—there are a number left. Also a lot of the longer latest cut and style to be sacrificed along with the Mantle Cloths, all of which we want to clear BEFORE SATURDAY 23rd, to make room for our GRAND MILLINERY DISPLAY, as our opening is on that day. Our New Milliners, Miss Sherrin and Miss Patterson, are busy preparing delectation for you in the way of pretty, stylish Hats and Bonnets which will serve as a guide to you for this spring season's styles. Many of these are direct from Europe, and we have arranged for later arrivals of Millinery Materials, Hats, etc., which will be the latest emanations from the best Parisian and London modistes. These Goods, along with many other lines, we get by direct importation from European manufacturers, thus saving the wholesalers profit. Our Mr. Mowat's close associations with the Europeans producers, his familiarity with the best markets which he visits always twice every year, will keep us in constant touch with the Styles, best sources of production, and therefore the places, from which the best values and the most desirable Goods can be obtained. We claim advantages possessed by no other house outside the largest cities, so that our old patrons and friends may rest assured Cheapside will more than maintain her old position at the head of the Dry Goods, Millinery, Housefurnishing and Fur business of the Central District. We have formed a Strong Syndicate to carry on this business with greater push, enterprise and zest than ever. Our Mr. Ogden Hinch and our S. P. Hinch will be on hand to welcome their friends and see that all the old patrons of the House get all the courtesy, attention and service that can be given. We herewith extend to you our grateful acknowledgements for your hearty patronage during the past 17 years, and also for the more than liberal patronage given since Cheapside reopened.

The Cheapside Syndicate

You Can Get
Ferry's Seeds at your dealers
as fresh and fertile as though
you got them direct from Ferry's
Seed Farms.

FERRY'S SEEDS
are known and planted every-
where, and are always the
best. Ferry's Seed Annual
for 1895 tells all about
them. — Free.
D. M. Ferry & Co.
Windsor, Ont.

Try my Bread

J. F. SMITH
HAS BOUGHT OUT
W. H. Davis' Bread Business
but you can get all you
want on the prem-
ises and at his
store where he is selling
GROCERIES.
Cheaper than ever

J. F. SMITH

Brisson House Block, Napanee.



M. STORMS, MOSCOW

"has been over fifty years in the undertaking
business in the county, and can turn out work
equal to any in the Dominion.
A large stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Crape
Gloves and Badges, constantly on hand, and
sold at reasonable prices.
Embalming a Specialty. Every facility on
hand for doing the work.
25 per cent cheaper than any in the trade. Give
me a call at Moscow.

M STORMS, Prop



Carscallen & Bro.,

Low Priced, No Combination

Undertaking Establishment.

Keep constantly on hand a complete stock of
all the latest designs to be found in

COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES, Etc.

which are prepared to sell 25 per cent. cheaper
than any house in the county. We use the best
odorizer, thus obviating all unpleasant odors.
Embalming a Specialty. Having purchased one of
the Handsomest Hearses at the Toronto exhibition
we are prepared to attend personally funerals in
the most satisfactory manner. The public will do
well to call and examine our stock, and be con-
vinced that ours is the place to buy.

We have also added a full line of the newest
things in Wall Paper, Ceiling Decorations, Window
Shades and Picture Railing, Paints and Oil
Paint Mixed. Persons wanting anything in this
line will do well to call on us before purchasing
elsewhere. Remember the place, Centre-street,
one block south of Main

CARSALLLEN & BRO

Minard's Liniment cures Gargel in Cows

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

CHAPTER VI.

And after to-night we will all have a rest,
thank Heaven! and my pilgrimage will
come to an end. A fortnight at Powyss
Place before you go up to London, my dear
Miss Stuart—not a day less."

Thus Lady Helena Powyss, eight days
later, seated luxuriously in the first-class
carriage, and flying along by express train
between Dublin and Kingston, en route for
Cheshire.

Captain Hammond was of the party still,
and included in the invitation to Powyss
Place. He sat between Lady Helena and
Sir Victor now—Miss Stuart, in charming
travelling costume, in the sunny seat near
the window. On the opposite seat, at the
extreme end, sat Edith Darrell, her eyes
riveted upon the pages of a book.

Since that night in the boat Miss Stuart
had quietly but resolutely taken entire pos-
session of Sir Victor.

Before she left her room on the ensuing
morning following that never-to-be-forgotten
night, Edith had entered and taken
Trix in her arms and kissed her.

"I was stupid and out of sorts last night,
Trix," she had said. "If I seemed char-
lish, I ask your pardon, dear, with all my
heart. I was surprised—I don't mind own-
ing that—and perhaps a little, just a little,
envious. But all that is over now, and I
do wish you joy and happiness from the
bottom of my heart."

And she meant it. Against the baronet
himself, she felt a deeper and stronger
still. How dared he seek her out as he
had done, select her for his confidante, and
look love in fifty different ways, when he
meant to marry Trix? What a fool she
might have made of herself had she been a
whit less proud than she was. Since then
she had avoided him: in no marked man-
ner, perhaps, but she had avoided him. If
he felt this avoidance, he showed no sign.
Perhaps he thought Miss Stuart had dropped
some hint—girls, despite their promises,
have been known to do such things—and
this change was becoming maidenly reserve.

Trix's remitting attentions were sisterly,
of course. He felt grateful accordingly,
and strove to repay her in kind. One other
thing, he observed, too, and with great com-
plicity—the friendship between Miss
Darrell and her cousin Charley had come to
an end. This was as it should be; certainly
Beatrice must have dropped that very
judicious hint.

Two carriages awaited them at the Ches-
ter station. Into one entered Mr. and Mrs.
Stuart, Sir Victor, and Beatrice; into the
other, Lady Helena, Edith, Charley, and
Captain Hammond. They drove away
through quiet, quaint Chester, "rare old
city of Chester." Presently an endless
stretch of ivied wall appears in view, in-
closing a primeval forest, it seems to Edith;
and Lady Helena sits up and rubs her eyes,
and says it is Catheron Royals.

They emerge from the chill darkness of
dawning day into a blaze of light—into a
vast and stately entrance-hall. A long file
of servants are drawn up to receive them.
And "Welcome to Powyss Place," Lady
Helena says with kind courtesy. "I can
only wish your visit may be as pleasant to
you as you made mine in New York."

Without changing their dresses they are
ushered into a lofty and handsome dining-
room. More brilliant lights, more silent,
respectful servants, a round table luxuri-
ously spread. They sit down; forget they are
tired and sleepy; eat, drink, and are merry;
and it is five before they were shown up to
their rooms. Then, hasty disrobing, hasty
lying down, and all are at peace in the land
of dreams.

Next day, about noon, Miss Stuart, click-
ing along in her narrow-soled, high-heeled
boots, over a polished oaken corridor, lost
her footing, as might be imagined, and
came down with an unearthly scream, on
one ankle. Sir Victor was first on the
floor, and in Sir Victor's arms Miss Stuart
was lifted, and borne back to her room.
Luckily it was near, or even Sir Victor's
chivalry and muscular development would
not have been equal to it, for Trix was a
"fine woman." The ankle was bathed and
bandaged, the invalid's breakfast brought
up—everything done for her comfort that
it was possible to do; and in the midst of
their fussing, having cried a great deal,
Miss Stuart suddenly dropped off to sleep.
Edith came out of the room looking pale
and tired. In the slippery passage she en-
countered Sir Victor waiting.

"I have waylaid you on purpose, Miss
Darrell," he said, smiling, "lest you should
meet with a mishap, too. A carpet shall
be placed here immediately. You look
pale—are you ill?"

"I feel well enough; nothing is ever the
matter with me; but I am a stupid
stupidity," she said, with a half-smile.

"You will come with me for a walk, will
you not?" he asked. "The park is very
well worth seeing. To-morrow, Miss
Stuart's sprain permitting, we shall all
visit Catherine Royals. Do come, Miss
Darrell; it will do you a world of good."

She hesitated a moment, then went.
What difference did it make? Trix
wouldn't be jealous now. What difference
did anything make, for that matter? So
they went on that fateful walk, that walk
that was to be like no other in all Edith
Darrell's life.

"This is the Lime Walk—the prettiest at
Powyss Place, to my mind." This was the
young baronet's first commonplace remark.
"If you will ascend the eminence yonder,
Miss Darrell, I think I can point out Cath-
erine Royals; that is, if you think it worth
the trouble."

It was all the same to Edith—the Lime
Walk, the eminence, or any other part of
the park. She took Sir Victor's arm, as he
seemed to expect it, and went with him
slowly up the elevation.

"It is a wonderfully pretty place," she
said. "I should think you English people,
whose ancestors, time out of mind, have
lived and died here, would grow to love
every ivy-clad stone, every brave old tree.
If I were not an American girl, I would be
an English miss."

She laughed and looked up at him, her
spirits rising in the sunshine and the free,
fresh air. His eyes were fixed upon her
face—passionate admiration, passionate
love, written in them far too plainly for any
girl on earth not to read. And yet—he had
proposed to Trix.

"You would?" he eagerly exclaimed.
"Miss Darrell, do I understand you to say
you could live in England all your life—give
up America and your friends, and pass your
life here?"

She shrugged her shoulders.
"It would be no great sacrifice. Apart
from my father there isn't a soul in all wide
America I care a farthing for, and your
English homes are very charming."

The last barrier broke down. He had
not meant to speak—he had meant to be
very prudent and formal—to tell Lady
Helena first, to refer the matter to Mr.
Stuart next. Now all prudence and formal-
ity were swept away. Her hands were in
his—he was speaking with his whole heart
in every word.

"Then stay and share an English home—
share mine Edith, I love you—I have loved
you, I think, since I saw you first. Will
you be my wife?"

Alas for Trix!—that was Edith's first
thought. To burst out laughing—that was
Edith's first impulse. Not in triumph or
exultation—just at this moment she felt
neither—but at the awful blunder Trix had
made; for Trix had made a blunder, that
was clear as day, else Sir Victor Catheron
had never said those words.

"I meant to have spoken to Lady Helena
and Mr. Stuart first," Sir Victor went on;
"but that is all over now. I can't wait
longer; I must take my sentence from your
lips. I love you! What more can I say?
You are the first my lips have ever said it to—
the first my heart has ever felt it for.
Edith, tell me, may I hope?"

She stood silent. They were on the sum-
mit of the hill. Away, far off, she could
see the waving trees and tall chimneys of a
stately mansion—Catheron Royals, no
doubt. It looked a very grand and noble
place; it might be her home for life—she
who in one sense, was homeless. A baronet
stood beside her, offering her rank and
wealth—she, penniless, pedigreeless Edith
Darrell! All the dreams of life were being
realised, and in this hour she felt neither
triumph nor elation. She stood and listen-
ed, the sunlight on her gravely beautiful
face, with vague wonder at herself for her
apathy.

"Edith!" he cried out, "don't tell me I
am too late—that some one has been before
me and won your heart. I couldn't bear
it! Your cousin assured me that when I
spoke the answer would be favorable. I
spoke to her that night in Killarney—I did
not mention your name, but she understood
me immediately. I told her I meant to
speak as soon as we reached England. I
asked her if she thought there was hope for
me, and she—"

The passionate eagerness, the passionate
love and fear within him checked his words
suddenly. He stopped for a moment and
turned away.

"O Trix! Trix!" was Edith's thought;
and ridiculous and out of place as the emo-
tion was, her only desire still was an almost
uncontrollable desire to laugh outright.
What a horrible—what an unheard-of
blunder the child had made!

She stood tracing figures on the

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strangely apathetic still. If her life had
depended on it, she could hardly have ac-
cepted Sir Victor then. By and by she
might feel half wild with exultation—not
now.

He waited for the answer that did not
come. Then he turned from her, pale with
despair.

"I see how it is," he said, trying, not
quite successfully, to steady his voice; "I
am too late. You love your cousin, and
are engaged to him. I feared it all along."
The brown stary eyes, lifted slowly from
the grass and looked at him.

"My cousin? You mistake, Sir Victor; I
am engaged to no one. I"—she set her lips
suddenly and looked away at the trees and
the turrets of Catherine Royals, shining
in the brilliant sun—"I love no one."

"No one, Edith! Not even me?"
"Not even you, Sir Victor. How could
I? Why should I? I never dreamed of
this."

"Never dreamed of this!" he repeated, in
amazement; "when you must have seen—must
have known—"

She interrupted him, a faint smile curling
her lips.

"I thought it was Trix," she said.
"Miss Stuart! Then she has told you
nothing of that night at Killarney—I really
imagined she had. Miss Stuart has been
my kind friend, my one confident and sym-
pathizer. No sister could be kinder in her
encouragement and comfort than she."

"O poor Trix—a sister!" Edith thought,
and in spite of every effort, the laugh she
strove so hard to suppress dimpled the cor-
ners of her mouth. "Won't there be a
scene when you hear all this?"

"For pity's sake, Edith, speak to me!"
the young man exclaimed. "I love you—
my life will be miserable without you. If
you are free, why may I not hope? See! I
don't even ask you to love me now. I will
wait; I will be patient. My love is so great
that it will win yours in return. O darling!
say you will be my wife."

Her hands were in his. The fervor, the
passion within him almost frightened her.

"Sir Victor, I—I hardly know what to
say. I wonder that you care for me. I
wonder you want to marry me. I am not
your equal; I have neither rank, nor wealth,
nor descent.

"You have the grace and beauty of a
goddess—the goodness of an angel; I ask
nothing more. You are the mate of a
prince; and I love you. Everything is said
in that."

"Lady Helena will never consent."

"Lady Helena will consent to anything
that will make me happy. The whole hap-
piness or misery of my life lies in your
hands. Don't say no, Edith—don't for
Heaven's sake. I could not bear it—I
cannot lose you; I will not!" he cried al-
most fiercely.

She smiled faintly again, and that lovely
rose-pink blush of hers deepened in her
cheeks. It was very nice indeed to be
wooed in this fiery fashion.

"Fortes fortuna juvat," she said, laugh-
ing. "I learned enough Latin, you see, to
know that fortune assists the brave.
People who won't take 'no' for an answer
must have 'yes' of course."

"And it is 'yes' Edith—"

"Be quiet, Sir Victor, it is not 'yes' just
yet, neither is it 'no.' You must let me
think this over, my head is giddy with
your vehemence. Give me—let me see—
until to-morrow. I can't answer now."

"But, Edith—"

"That much is due to me," she inter-
posed, proudly; "remember, I have not ex-
pected this. You have surprised me this
morning more than I can say. I am proud
and grateful for your preference and the
honor you have done me, but—I am honest
with you—I don't love you."

"But you love no one else. Tell me that
again, Edith."

She grew pale suddenly. Again she look-
ed away from him over the sunlit slopes be-
fore her.

"I am a very selfish and heartless sort of
girl, I am afraid," she answered. "I don't
know that it is in me to love any one as I
ought—certainly not as you love me. If
you take me you shall take me at my true
value. I am not an angel—ah, no; the
farthest in the world from it—the most sel-
fish of the selfish. I like you very much;
it is not hard to do that. To be your wife
would be my highest honor, but still I must
have time. Come to me to-morrow, Sir
Victor, any time, and you shall have your
answer. Don't say one word more until
then. Now let us go back."

He bowed and offered his arm. She took
it, and in profound silence they walked
back. The one topic that filled him, heart
and soul, strength and mind, was forbidden
—it was simply impossible for him to speak
of any other. For Edith she walked on
beside him—her mind a serene blank.

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They reached Powys Place—they entered the drawingroom. All eyes turned upon the newcomers, Trix's with suspicious jealousy. If Sir Victor were in love with herself, was not his fitting place by her side in this trying hour, instead of meandering about with Dithy? And what business had Dithy monopolizing another girl's lover?

"I think I shall ride over to Drexel Court between this and dinner," Sir Victor said. "I promised Hampton—"

Lewly Helena laughed and interrupted: "And Lady Gwendoline is there—I understand. Go by all means, Victor, and give Gwendoline my love. We shall expect you back to dinner."

The young man colored like a girl. He glanced uneasily at Edith, but Miss Darrell had taken up a photograph book of literary celebrities, and was immersed therein.

Captain Hammond and Charley betook themselves to the billiard room. Trix turned her suspicious eyes upon her cousin.

"Where were you and Sir Victor all day, Edith?"

"I and Sir Victor have not been any where all day, Beatrix. During the last hour we have been talking in the grounds."

"What were you talking about?"

"Many things," Miss Darrell responded, promptly. "The beauty of the prospect—the comfort of English homes, and the weather, of course. If I understood shorthand, and had been aware of your anxiety on the subject, I might have taken notes of our conversation for your benefit."

"Did you talk of me?"

"I believe your name was mentioned."

"Dith" in a whisper, and raising herself on her elbow, "did Sir Victor say anything about—about—you know what?"

"He did not say one word about being in love with you or marrying you, if that is what you mean. Now please stop catechizing, and let me look at the pictures."

Twilight fell—dinner hour came: with it Sir Victor. He looked pale, anxious, tired. He answered all his aunt's inquiries about the Drexel family in the briefest possible manner—His over-fond aunt looked at him a little uneasily—he was so unlike himself, and presently drew him aside, after dinner, and spoke.

"Victor, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Ill? No. My dear aunt," smiling, "don't wear that alarmed face—there is nothing the matter with me."

"There is something the matter with you. You are pale, you are silent, you eat nothing. Victor, what is it?"

"I will tell you to-morrow," he answered. "Spare me until then. I am anxious. I admit, but not even to you can I tell why to-night. You shall know all about it to-morrow."

For Edith—she was in that mood of serene recklessness still. Of to-morrow she neither cared to think, nor tried to think. The tide of her life was at its flood; whither the stream might bear her after this night, just now, she neither knew nor cared. For the present she was free, to-morrow she might be a bondswoman. Her fetters would be of gold and roses; none the less though would they be fetters.

Upon going to her room that night Edith Darrell did not go to bed. She put the lights away on the toilet table in the dress-

ing-room. "The breakfast hour was ten. It doesn't take me all that time to dress."

"Where did you go then?"

"I walked in the grounds."

"Edith!" with sudden sharpness, "did you see Sir Victor?"

"Yes, I saw Sir Victor."

"Where? In the grounds, too?"

"In the grounds, too—smoking a cigar."

"Edith!" the sharpness changing to attention and alarm. "You were with Sir Victor?"

"I was with Sir Victor. That is to say, Sir Victor was with me."

"Bother! Did he ask after me?"

"Ye-e-es," Edith answered, doubtfully, "he asked for you, of course."

"Was that all? He's a pretty attentive host, I don't think," cried Trix, with bitterness.

"My dearest Trix," said Edith, struggling with a laugh, "gentlemen don't call upon young ladies in their chambers at break of day, even though they have a sprained ankle. It isn't de rigeur."

"De rigger be blowed! It isn't my chamber; it's my private parlor. Edith, upon your word, did he say anything about—about—you know what?"

"Marrying you? No, Trix, not a word."

She put her arms closer around poor Trix's neck, and hid her face in Trix's chestnut hair.

"Trix, pet, don't you think there may have been a little—just a little, misunderstanding that night at Killarney?"

"Misunderstanding! I don't understand you, Edith," Miss Stuart exclaimed, in increasing alarm. "For goodness sake come round where I can see you, and don't stand there like a 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' I like to look people in the face when I talk to them."

"In one moment, dear; please don't be cross. I am afraid to tell you, Trix, there was a misunderstanding that night."

"I don't see how; I don't believe there was. Edith Darrell, what do you mean?"

"There was a misunderstanding, I repeat. He means to speak to your father and mother to-day, but—not about you."

"Edith!" Trix half sprung up, pale as death and with flashing eyes, "What do you mean? Speak out, I tell you!"

"O Trix. There has been a horrid mistake. All the time that boat on Killarney lake he was talking of—me?"

"Of you?" The two words drop from Trix's ashen lips.

"Of me, dear, and he thinks at this moment that you understood him so. Trix—don't be angry with me—how could I help it—he proposed to me yesterday afternoon."

"Proposed to you yesterday afternoon?" Trix repeats the words like one who has been stunned by a blow, in a dazed sort of tone. "And you—refused him, Edith?"

"Accepted him, Trix. I said yes to Sir Victor Catherine this morning in the grounds."

Then there was a pause. Beatrix Stuart sat white to the lips, with anger, mortification, amaze, disappointment. Then she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a vehement flood of tears.

"Trix—dear Trix!" Edith exclaimed, shocked and pained; "good Heaven, don't cry! Trix, dearest, I never knew you were in love with him."

"In love with him!" cried Trix, looking up, her eyes flashing through her tears, "the odious little wishy-washy, drawing excoomb! No, I'm not in love with him—not likely—but what business had he to go talking like that, and humming, and hawing, and hinting, and—oh!" cried Trix, with a sort of vicious screech, "I should like to tear his eyes out!"

"I dare say you would—the desire is both natural and proper," answered Edith, smothering a second desire to laugh; "but, under the circumstances, not admissible. It was a stupid proceeding, no doubt, his speaking to you at all, but you see the poor fellow thinks you understood him, and meant it for the best."

"Thought I understood him!" retorted Miss Stuart, with a vengeful glare. "Oh, shouldn't I like to make him understand me! The way he went on that night, kissing my hand, and calling me Beatrix, and talking of speaking to pa, and meaning you all the time, is enough—enough to drive a person stark, staring mad. All Englishmen are fools—and Sir Victor Catherine's the biggest fool of the lot!"

"What, Trix! for wanting to marry me?"

"Yes, for wanting to marry you. You, who don't care a bad cent for him!"

"How many bad cents did you care, Miss Stuart, when you were so willing to be his wife?"

"More than you, Miss Darrell, for at least I was not in love with any one else."

"And who may Miss Darrell be in love with, pray?"

"With Charley," answered Trix, her face all aglow, "and if you don't believe me, ask him."

THE AUTUMN OF LOVE.

There had been a time when the rector of Orlestone had ambitions, but that was before the woman he loved had married a rich man and passed out of his life.

Now he lived a retired life, but he liked to visit Cella Ringwood and talk over the past. Cella was thirty-eight, she had always loved him, and yet she had often tried to comfort him for his bitter loss. This was heroic, indeed. One day the rector came to see Cella. He was excited.

"You have always been a true friend to me," he said, nervously. "I've always told you everything."

"Yes," she said, and her heart knew his errand even before he spoke.

"Cella, her husband is dead and she has taken the Hall at Orlestone."

Cella Ringwood held out her hand to him. The light went out suddenly in her face, but it left the kindly mouth and eyes as she had always seen them, and one who had loved her would have noticed the change.

"Only last night," he said, "it seemed to me there was nothing left in life, but duty and the blessed faith in the life to come. But now—oh, Cella—I feel young again."

"Shall you ask her again to marry you?" There was a harsh note in her voice, which she herself noted with dismay. But he did not perceive it.

"Yes, of course," he said, simply.

Miss Ringwood bit her lip.

"You are very poor," she said, "and Lady Mountdew is very rich. People will say—she might think—"

"You don't know Eva Mountdew," he said, proudly.

Cella was ashamed of her words before he had answered them.

She left his thin hand a moment between her soft palms and looked at him wistfully.

"Whatever happens," she said, "I know you will not forget old friends." Her voice trembled a little as she said it.

"Dear Cella," he answered—and some faint subconscious stirring of remorse made his voice very gentle and tender—"Dear Cella, I am very selfish. You have been too patient with me; you have spoiled me."

She laughed a little and took her hands away.

"An old maid must have something to spoil," he said. "If it had not been you it would have been a cat or a canary bird. When shall you see her?"

"This afternoon. She asked me to come up to tea. She has let the Ashford people furnish a few rooms and she is camping out, as she calls it, till the rest of her furniture comes from London."

There was a pause. Then he got up suddenly, and began to walk up and down the narrow space between the door and the window, with knitted brows and hands clasped behind him.

"Well?" said Miss Ringwood.

"It isn't that I doubt her constancy," he said, "but I don't know whether it's fair. I'm old, you see, and I have grown dull. It is rather like offering her the dry husks of—of—"

"Of what she threw away fifteen years ago."

"You are unjust," he said.

"No, no; I didn't mean it, James. Now you must go. I am very busy; can't be sure you come in and tell me about it. Good-bye; you need not be afraid because your hair is gray. If she loved you—well, good-bye."

He went off down the street with a new hopefulness in his step. When he was gone Miss Ringwood went up to her room; she leaned her elbows on the little white dressing table, among the prim wood mats and the little dainty text-books, and looked again at hers in the glass. Her eyes were very sad, though no tears stood in them. Presently a smile stirred the corners of her mouth, where a dimple still lingered.

"After all," she said to herself, "she is fifteen years older, too."

For four days Miss Ringwood looked hourly for the rector. He had brought his sorrows to her always; surely he would bring his joy, too. Next morning there was a letter. It was not from him; she saw that while yet it was in the postman's hands, for she had been watching at the window, and had to run to the door when she saw the postman cross the road. It was from his housekeeper.

"Miss Ringwood, the rector," it said,

once. "He did not know one or two, he thought it was—some one else," said to herself, but not bitterly!

"You are ill, and you never sent to me. And you never came as you promised," she said, with only the gentlest reproach.

"I could not," he spoke, hoarsely, and then a fit of coughing took him and he sank back in his chair.

"But you are ill," she said. "I must send for a doctor at once."

"But he could do me no good. What nonsense it is!" he went on, irritably. "Who told you I was ill? I'm all right, only very tired."

"I've brought you some beef tea and things."

His brows contracted. "Now, Cella, I will not have it. There is nothing the matter with me." The grievous look in her eyes stopped him.

"You always trusted me before."

"I did—I do—I will! Cella, I want to see her. It is all over. I have wasted all my life on a shadow."

"She never did care, I think. She did not even know me at first. She only wanted to see the parson about her pew, and sent for him as she sends for anything, for the sake of a woman who know me at first, and—when she did."

"I have thrown away life, and youth, and hope, and love, everything, everything else she wants! She did not never was at all, except in my dreams and my fancy. And there is nothing left in life."

"Poor James," she said. She had taken off her prim bonnet and seated herself near him. "But all our poor people; you still have them to live for."

"That's what I keep saying to myself, but all the sunshine is gone and it looks such a long way to the end."

"But it is better to know the truth," she said, rather lamely.

"I don't know; I didn't realize before and that is why I couldn't come to you. Oh, Cella, you don't know—I didn't know till just now—all that you've been to me all these years, and but for my own folly and madness you might have been with me, close at my side all these long, long years, for you did love me once, didn't you, Cella?"

She was silent.

"At least," he went on, hesitatingly, "if you had been my wife you would have learned to love me."

"Learned to love you! Oh, my dear!"

Her tone thrilled him to the soul. Her head was down on the arm of his chair, and his hand very gently and uncertainly touched her smooth, faded hair.

"You didn't mean—why, Cella, my dear, my dear!"

For her arms were around his neck, and her face against his, and for that one good minute the long lonely years of sorrow seemed not too heavy a price.

"And now," said Miss Ringwood, lifting from his shoulder a face that had grown young and pretty again, "and now perhaps you will take the beef tea."—Quiver.

Dancing to Distant Music.

Notwithstanding the fact that the telephone was invented in this country, we are still behind the old world in some of its appliances. In a little village in Hungary, for example, there was a concert held lately, in which the audience listened by means of telephones distributed around the room to songs by celebrated artists in three theatres of Budapest, located miles away. Finally the young people danced for hours to music played in the same distant place.—New York Times.



Should she marry Sir Victor Catheron, or should she not?

She cared nothing for him—nothing whatever—very likely she never would. She loved Charlie Stuart with all the power of her heart, and just at present it seemed to her she always must. That was how the problem stood.

If she married Sir Victor, rank and wealth beyond all her dreams would be hers, a life of luxury, all the joys and delights great wealth can bring. She liked pleasure, luxury, beauty, rank. For love—well, Sir Victor loved her, and for a woman it is always better, safer, to be loved than to love.

That was one phase of the case. Here was the other: She might go to Charlie and say, "Look here—I care for you to much, that life without you, isn't worth the living. I will marry you, Charlie, whenever you like." He would make her his wife. Alone in darkness, her heart thrilled as she thought of it—and the interest joy of life would be hers for a while. For a while. They would be poor—his father would cast him off—he must, for the first time in his life, begin to work—the old story of pinching and poverty, of darning and mending, would commence over again for her, poor food, poor clothes, all the untold ugliness and misery of penury. Love is a very good and pleasant thing, but not when bought at the price of all the glory and pleasure of the world.

She turned from the life she pictured with a shudder of abhorrence. She should say "Yes" to-morrow to Sir Victor Catheron.

Then for a moment the thread of thought broke, and she sat looking blankly out at the soft spring night. On the day she pledged herself to Sir Victor she must say good-bye forever to Charlie—so it began again. One house must not contain them both; her word, her plight must be kept bright and untarnished. Charlie must go.

She rose, feeling cold and cramped, she undressed with stiffened fingers, and went to bed.

She slept, deeply, dreamlessly. The sunlight was pouring into her room, flooding it with golden radiance, when she awoke.

She sprang up; her heart gave one bound of recollection and rapture. Sir Victor had asked her to be his wife.

Doubt was at an end—hesitation was at an end.

She sang as she dressed. Not the May sunshine itself was brighter than her face. She left her room, she walked down the corridor, down the stairs, and out upon the emerald green lawn.

A well-known figure, in a gray suit, stood a few yards off, pacing restlessly about and smoking. He flung away his cigar and hurried up to her. One glance at her smiling face was enough, his own flushed deep with rapture.

"I have come for my answer," he cried.

"O Edith, my darling, don't let it be 'No'."

She laughed aloud at his vehemence—it was the sort of wooing she liked.

"I should like to please you, Sir Victor—what, then, shall it be?"

"A thousand times, yes!" Edith, my love, my love—yes?"

She was smiling still—she looked him frankly in the eyes as no woman on earth, in such an hour, ever looked at the man she loved. She laid in his one slim, brown, ringless hand.

"Since you wish it so much, Sir Victor, let it be as you please. Yes!"

CHAPTER VII.

It was half-past twelve, by all the clocks and watches of Powys Place. Miss Stuart sat alone, in the pleasant boudoir or sitting-room, assigned her, her foot on an ottoman, a novel in her hand, a frown on her brow, and most beautifully dressed. In solitary state, at half-past ten, she had breakfasted, waited upon by the trimmest of English handmaidens in smiles and lace cap. The breakfast had been removed for over an hour, and still Miss Stuart sat alone.

The door opened and Edith came in. At all times and in all array, Miss Darrell must of necessity look handsome.

"Good morning, Trixy," she said. "How is our poor dear ankle? It doesn't hurt much, I hope?"

She came up behind Miss Stuart's chair, put her arms around her neck, stooped down and kissed her forehead.

"It does hurt," Trixy responded, crossly. "I wish I had never had an ankle, sooner than go spraining it this way. Edith, how long is it since you got up?"

"Now for it!" thought Edith, and the smile she strove to repress, dimpled her sunny face.

"How long? Oh, when this is done. You know I'm not a very early riser."

with Charlie, and he with you."

"Are we going to quarrel, Trixy? Is it worth while—we who have been like sisters so long?"

"Like sisters?" Trixy repeated bitterly. "Edith, I wonder if you are not scheming and deceitful?"

"Beatrix!"

"Oh, you needn't 'Beatrix' me! I mean it. I believe there has been double dealing in this. He paid attention to me before you ever came to New York. I believe if I hadn't been sea-sick he would have proposed to me on the ship. But I was sea-sick,—it's always my luck to be every thing that's miserable,—and you were with him night and day."

"Night and day! Good gracious, Trixy, this is awful!"

"You know what I mean," pursued Trixy loftily. "You got him in love with you. Then, all the way to Killarney you flirted with Charlie—poor Charlie—and made him jealous, and jealousy finished him. You're a very clever girl, Edith, and I wish you a great deal of joy."

"Thank you; you say it as if you did. I don't take the trouble to deny your charges; they're not worth it—they are false, and you know them to be so. I never sought out Sir Victor Catheron, either in New York, on board ship, or elsewhere. If he had been a prince, instead of a baronet, I would not have done it. I have borne a great deal, but even you may go too far, Trixy. Sir Victor has done me the honor of falling in love with me—for he does love me and he has asked me to be his wife. And now I will leave you; if I stay longer we may quarrel, and I—I don't want to quarrel with you, Trixy."

Her voice broke suddenly. She turned to the door, and all the smallness of her own conduct dawned upon Trixy. Her generous heart—it was generous in spite of all this—smote her with remorse.

"Oh, come back, Edith!" she said; "don't go. I won't quarrel with you. I'm a wretch. It's dreadfully mean and contemptible of me, to make such a howling about a man that does not care a straw for me. When I told you, you wished me joy. Just come back and give me time to catch my breath, and I'll wish you joy too. But it's so sudden, so unexpected. O Edith, I thought you liked Charlie all this while!"

"I like him, certainly; I would be very ungrateful if I did not. He is like a brother to me."

"A brother! Oh, bother," retorted Trixy, with immeasurable scorn and dignity. "Edith, honor bright! Haven't you and Charlie been in love with each other these two years?"

Edith laughed.

"A very leading question, and a very absurd one. I don't think it is in either your brother or me to be very deeply in love. He would find it feverish and fatiguing—you know how he objects to fatigue; and I—well, if love be anything like what one reads of in books, an all-absorbing, all-consuming passion that won't let people eat or sleep, I have never felt it, and I don't want to."

"But you like him," persisted his sister, "don't you, Edith?"

"Like him—like him!" Her whole face lit up for a second with a light that made it lovely. "Well, yes, Trixy, I don't mind owning that much—I do like Charlie—like him so well that I won't marry and ruin him. For it means just that, Trixy—ruin. Charlie and I have common sense, and we have shaken hands and agreed to be good friends and cousins, nothing more."

"What an admirable thing is common sense! Does Sir Victor know about the hand-shaking and the cousinly agreement?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Beatrix. I have nothing to confess to Sir Victor when I am married to him; neither your brother nor any other man will hold the place in my heart (such as it is) that he will. Be very sure of that."

She moved to the door, her dark eyes shining, her head erect, looking in her beauty and her pride a mate for a king.

"There is to be a driving party to East-jake Abbey, after luncheon," she said, "you are to be carried down to the barouche and ride with your father and mother, and Lady Helena—Charlie and Captain Hammond for your cavaliers."

"And you?"

"Sir Victor drives me."

"Alone, of course?" Trixy says, with a last little bitter sneer.

"Alone, of course," Edith answers coldly. Then she opens the door and disappears.

The Bath.

Here are some facts in regard to baths. A daily bath is necessary to health and beauty. A hot tub bath should be taken only before bedtime. Salt baths are soothing and cleansing.

after doing a heading of address, date and "Honored Madam" but must be very bad, and he says "No doctors. He has been ailing these three days. If you was to think fit to come over you might persuade him for his good. Yours obedient to command, Emma Weddings."

"I'm going out," she cried to her little maid, "at once."

The shortest way to the rectory lay through the fields, and Miss Ringwood took it. She hurried on through the keen, sweet air, devoured by a burning anxiety that consumed all self-consciousness, all personal doubts and dreams. When she saw the blue smoke curling from the red chimneys of the rectory above the laurels and expressed she quickened her pace, stumbling a little now and then on the rough pasture. The housekeeper opened the door.

Celia clench her hands as she went in. He did not hear her open the door. He was sitting gazing into the fire, with his head on his hand and his elbow on his study table. His head was bowed, and Celia realized for the first time that he was no longer young. He looked indeed, an old man.

She laid her hand on his arm, and he started and looked at her with a look of sudden joy and tenderness she had never hoped to see. But it faded a

Mr. J. W. Dykeman.
St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength. No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.:
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other ailments caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them."
J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

GOOD,
BAD,
INDIFF-
ERENT.

There are many lines of Matches offered, but you can't always rely on the recommendation of the grocers.

Since the introduction of match-making in Canada E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES have been associated with excellence and merit.

INSIST UPON A HEINTZMAN CO PIANO

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

Heintzman & Co. Piano.

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY, 117 King st. West, Toronto.

The Napanee Express

\$1.

The Weekly Globe.

BEST CLUBBING OFFER EVER MADE.

By paying one dollar in advance these two popular and reliable papers will be sent post free to the subscriber's address. Call at the "Express Office" and secure this bargain

THE GREAT SALE

—OF—

Robinson & Co's

BANKRUPT STOCK

.....OF.....

Dry Goods

Clothing

Millinery

STILL CONTINUES

Everything is being sold at
Bargain Prices.

Every Customer goes away
pleased.

Every time they come they find
Bargains that had been overlook-
ed on previous visits. Come often.
We will always be pleased to see
you.

The Reliable Dry Goods House

is, if possible, more Reliable than ever

The Robinson Co'y.

Sweet Florida's 25 and 40 cents per
doz. at Davis'.

There was quite a fall of rain here on
Wednesday evening.

Ask to see the new Striped Irish Lawns

A No. 1 Raleigh bicycle in first class
repair. For particulars apply to
H. C. WRIGHT,

Potatoes.

We will buy potatoes again for next two
weeks.
STOVER & BICKNELL,
Camden East.

The Boys Will

Kick if there is not a good representation
of the lovers of foot ball present at the
Campbell House on Wednesday evening
next, 20th inst. The meeting is called for
the purpose of organizing a town foot ball
club for the coming season. Be on time,
8 o'clock p.m., sharp.

Credit Sale.

Mr. Patrick Murphy will offer for sale
by Public Auction, on lot No. 8, Conces-
sion 7, Richmond, on Wednesday, March
27th, at one o'clock sharp, the whole of his
farm stock and implements. See large bills.
WESLEY HUFF, Auctioneer.

Lost.

In Napanee, a ladies satin hand bag,
with fringe across the bottom, containing a
white pillow sham worked in yellow silk,
and a handkerchief and tie. Finder will
be rewarded by returning same to this
office. 15a

The Big Store for Low prices in Carpets
and Lace Curtains Lahey & McKenty.

Improvements.

Mr. W. B. Haines, the genial manager
of Haines & Lockett's branch store here,
has had some extensive alterations made
in the premises this week. Among other
improvements a large number of new
shelves have been put in the store, which
will better enable the firm to display their
large stock of boots and shoes to advantage.

S. S. Association of Napanee and
North Fredericksburgh.

The annual meeting will be held in the
Presbyterian church, Napanee, on Thurs-
day, March 28th. The exercises will be
of unusual interest to Sunday School work-
ers. It is intended to hold the June meet-
ing at some point in North Fredericks-
burgh.

There is No Place Like Home

When it is made attractive. To those
who know how to enjoy a well kept house
will say, it pays to have Curtains, Table
Covers, Drapes, Tidies etc., cleaned or
dyed by Parker's Dye Works, Toronto, as
they have the most complete way to finish
up such work. Leave your orders at this
office Pollard's "Express" Book Store.

Always in Napanee.

Come at once to Smith's Jewelry Store
and have your eyes scientifically examined
by their optician. By neglecting your eyes
when they need assistance, or wearing
glasses that have not been prescribed by a
competent Optician you are making a
serious mistake. Consultation and exami-
nation free of charge to young or old, and
glasses if prescribed are guaranteed to be
satisfactory. We have a very large stock
of spectacles at all prices.

Dominion Election.

There will be a general election before
long, and all our readers want full accounts
of what the different parties and speakers
have to say. The Weekly Globe gives
great prominence to political meetings
whether Liberal, Patron, or Conservative.
Some few of our subscribers have not re-
newed their subscriptions for 1895. All
such are invited to come in at once, or send
their subscriptions, and secure the Express
and the Globe for the small sum of one
dollar. Mind one dollar buys the two
papers.

Large select oysters at Davis'.

Trying to make a Circuit.

An effort is being made by a committee
of the Prince Edward agricultural society
to establish a circuit for the holding of
trotting meetings so that the various meet-
ings will not clash, and that the dates may
facilitate the better filling of races. Cir-
culars have been issued to associations in
Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, Napanee,
Kingston and other places with this object
in view, asking delegates to be appointed to
meet in Belleville on March 20th, to con-
sider arrangements. Mr. Wm. Moffat is
appointed delegate from Prince Edward.—
Picton Times.

New Clothing, New Scotch Tweeds, New
Hats at Lahey & McKenty's.

100 Charcoal Tin Sap Buckets 7.50, one
set Mrs. Potts Irons 65c, 100 lbs. fence
wire No. 11, \$1.90, two great agate Tea Pots
50c I have done my best the decisions rest
with the individual public, again I say may
it please you.
T. H. WALLER.

Open for Engagements.

J. Fred Tilley, Baritone Soloist, begs to
announce that he is open for concert en-
gagements during the season of 1895.
Terms on application.

Lost.

In or near Napanee a ladies hunting
case gold watch. The finder will be suit-
ably rewarded on leaving the same at The
Express office.
Geo. J. CARTER.

Horticultural Meeting.

I hereby call a meeting of the fifty mem-
bers of the Town of Napanee Horticultural
Society, to be held at the Council Chamber,
on Tuesday evening, March 19th, at 8 p.m.
sharp.
CHAS. STEVENS, Mayor.

New Paint Shop.

E. R. McCabe has opened a shop op-
posite Perry's Woolen Mill, Dundas Street,
where he will be pleased to receive orders
for house or carriage painting. Orders
promptly attended to at moderate
prices.
12cm.

For Sale or to Rent.

A comfortable brick house situate in the
Township of North Fredericksburgh just
outside the limits of the Town of Napanee
being the residence of the late Alexander
Smith, Esquire. For further particulars
apply to Deroche & Madden, Solicitors,
Napanee.

Don't Put It Off.

The necessity of a spring medicine is
universally admitted. This is the best
time of year in which to purify the blood,
to restore the lost appetite, and to build up
the entire system, as the body is now pecu-
liarly susceptible to benefit from medi-
cine. The great popularity attained by
Hood's Sarsaparilla, owing to its real
merit and its remarkable success, has
established it as the very best medicine to
take in the spring. It cures scrofula, salt
rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dys-
pepsia, headache, kidney and liver com-
plaints, catarrh, and all affections caused
or promoted by low state of the system or
impure blood. Don't put it off, but take
Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you
good.

Cheese Meetings.

The annual meetings of the Union, Nap-
anee and Exelsior cheese factories were all
held during the present week. They were
all well attended by their patrons and
everything passed off very pleasantly. Mr.
Bartlett was unanimously voted the price
he asked for manufacturing, 1 1/2 per pound
of cheese, which is the ruling price through-
out this locality. In addition to owning
these three cheese factories Mr. Bartlett
has the manufacturing of Centreville and
Croydon factories and it is his intention
to have the five factories of a uniform fine
quality, and if sold together they are sure
to sell above the general run of factories
which their patrons will receive the benefit
of, and, consequently, may expect a better
dividend than from most other factories.

Napanee factory, which is situated in
the centre of the group, is thoroughly
equipped as a butter factory as well as a
cheese factory and late on in the fall, or
when the cheese season closes, all the milk
will be brought to this factory and manu-
factured into butter, and as the Govern-
ment has agreed to guarantee 20c. per lb.
for this butter farmers should provide
themselves with suitable fodder so as to be
able to milk their cows well on through the
winter and give themselves remunerative
employment during that season.

The Big Store is the Popular trading
place—Lahey & McKenty's.

No Hopes of His Recovery.

We are indebted to J. G. Weeks, of Bath-
gate, N. D., for a copy of the Pembina
Democrat containing the following infor-
mation of the condition of the Rev. John
Scott, a former pastor of the Presbyterian
church here: The readers of the Demo-
crat will be glad to hear that their old
friend Rev. John Scott is being well cared
for by Dr. Archibald and the attendants at
the asylum. It is sad to learn, however,
that but small hopes are entertained of his
ultimate recovery. The following letter of
recent date will be read with interest by
his many friends:

JAMESTOWN, N. D., Feb. 15, 1895.
JOHN MAHON Esq. London, N. D.



Scranton Coal

Don't be misled. This Coal can only be purchased at

THOS. STEWART'S

who has the Sole Agency. One trial is sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that this is the best Coal mined.

All under cover, and well screened immediately before delivery.

A. R. Boyes

AGENT.

OFFICE AND YARDS foot of Centre st.

Marriage Licenses

Issued by Ogden Hinch at Chesapeake, (application strictly private and confidential.) 5v

The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, MAR. 15, 1895

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 5c per line for each insertion. If in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c per line each insertion.

Russet Floridas or Bright, at Davis, sweet, 25 to 40 cents.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief, order this is your remedy. Sold by W. S. Dettlor.—6v

Biliousness and Liver Complaint. Headache, etc., are cured by Burdock Pills.

Josh Billings

Once said that he had read several essays on milk but the best thing he had ever seen on it was the cream.

You have probably read several essays on Hats, but you never saw anything better on them than the name of Christy & Co., of London, and handled exclusively by

Radford & Son

The Hatters

at Lahey & McKenty's.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Frank Martin, of Lake Dore, was struck by a board from a saw in Martin Bros' saw mill on the 6th inst. and killed.

—Destroy the Worms or they may destroy the children. Freeman's Worm Powders destroy and expel worms of all kinds.

\$2.50 will buy a Royal Canadian 11 inch wringer made by the Burlington Mfg. Co., at MILES S. PLUMLEY, 14c

Mr. Milton Parrott, of Wilton, has purchased the Wartman farm, in 7th concession Ernestown, from H. Warner, Napanee.

If you wish to get the best fresh meat obtainable in Napanee and at the lowest price go to Lawson's. Telephone No. 31.

A great many were out to view the eclipse of the moon on Sunday evening. It lasted about five hours, and was almost a total eclipse.

The Boyle Bottom for Milk Cans. The only Milk Can Bottom that is retinned after being put together. The Best Milk Can made in America at BOYLE & SON'S Hardware Store.

The Young men of the Eastern church were "At Home" to their friends last evening. A good programme was rendered and cake and coffee served. A nominal admission fee of 10 c. was charged.

Everything new and up-to-date at the Big Store Lahey & McKenty.

A Boom to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or caloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, swellings, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by W. S. Dettlor.—6v

Mr. James Gault, a well-known and popular livaryman of Deseronto, died at his residence about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, 12th inst. Deceased, who was a strong healthy man, was taken ill on the 5th inst. with inflammation of the bowels. The attending physician, Dr. Newton, noticing some complication called in Dr. Yeomans and decided to perform an operation which with the assistance of Dr. Grant, of Napanee, and Dr. Fenwick, of Kingston, was successfully performed last Saturday. He took a turn for the worse on Monday night and succumbed on Tuesday morning.

New Crinkles and Colored Lawns at Lahey & McKenty's.

DAFOE & PAUL,

Undertakers

EVERYTHING NEW AND FIRST-CLASS.

The Great "What is it."

Robt Eaton, living about two miles north of Thomasburgh has a cow which has produced a curious freak of nature in the shape of a calf with a dog's head and teeth, and the eyes of a wild animal. This strange freak is possessed of a voracious appetite, and drinks milk like an ordinary calf, but never seems to be satisfied. It has hoofs like a calf, but its body is longer and its legs shorter than the common variety. It has never been heard to bleat like a calf or bark like a dog. Its forelegs are somewhat shorter than the hind ones and the hooves on the front legs turn out like the paws of a bull dog. It appears to be quite healthy and playful and when it plays it stands up on its hind legs and frisks round like a young pup.

Have you seen the New American Shoes direct from the Manufacturers at Lahey & McKenty's.

Local Union.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of the E. M. and W. M. churches have formed a local union to meet once in every three months, with Mr. D. Owens as president, Mr. F. Hooper as secretary and a managing committee of three from each society. The union has been carefully organized and promises to do good work. The object of this new organization is mainly to give the christian endeavors of Napanee an opportunity to meet in a mass meeting and discuss new and better methods of work and be stirred up to a greater degree of enthusiasm in the great christian endeavor movement. Perhaps one of the most commendable reasons for the establishing of this union is, that by the bringing of these young people from different churches together a greater spirit of friendship will prevail among them. On the young people of today the future of the church must depend, and the christian endeavors have taken this step, so that if they can bring it about, there shall be in the future a greater measure of unity among all churches or organizations working for the common cause—the conversion of the unsaved and upbuilding of true christian character. The first meeting of the local union will be held in the lecture hall of the W. M. church on Thursday evening, March 21st. A very excellent programme, along endeavor lines, has been prepared and a large gathering of those interested in the work is expected to be present to hear it. Sr ENP.

The N. H. C's. First Defeat.

Thursday of last week the Hockey Club went back to Belleville to play off the draw of the week before with the Quintes, and were beaten to the tune of 4 games to 0. The Quinte team was strengthened by the addition of two of the best forwards of the Y. M. C. A. team which made them practically a picked team, but the boys gave them a pretty fast whirl nevertheless and with more satisfactory decisions from the goal umpire might have won the game. The teams lined up at about 8:30 as follows:

QUINTES	POSITION	NAPANEE
W. Nash	Goal	J. S. Ham
H. Powell	Point	H. V. Macdonald
J. Philpott	Cover Pt.	T. E. Merritt
L. Hamilton	Forwards	F. S. Rockwell
H. Twining		W. D. Rockwell
R. Weller		C. Trimble
Kelso		W. Carson
F. McKeown	Umpire	F. McL Radford
	Referee	

There were about 300 spectators, witnessing the match. The game opened with a rush, both sides playing at a pace that could not last long. After about fifteen minutes play the Quintes scored, and about five minutes latter scored again. No more goals were taken till the end of the first half, leaving the score at half-time Quintes 2 Napanee 0. Shortly after play commenced again Rockwell by a splendid play carried the puck the whole length of the rink and scored a goal. But the Belleville umpire did not see it, although everybody else did, and it was not counted. A few minutes later Rockwell did the same trick again, and again the umpire claimed he did not see it. This time it was so glaring that the Belleville referee, who by the way gave the greatest satisfaction, gave the umpire a warning. These decisions disheartened the boys, who felt that it was impossible to win against decisions like that. They did not play nearly the game they know how to play and the result was the Quintes made two more goals, leaving the score 4 to 0. This leaves the Napanee club even with the Quintes, with a win and a draw each. Napanee was to have played Picton this week but owing to the uncertainty of the weather the match was cancelled.

Grenoble walnuts, shelled and unshelled.

JOHN MAHON, Esq., London, N. D.

In reply to your kind favor of recent date I have to say in regard to Rev. Mr. Scott's condition, he remains in about the same condition as when coming to the hospital. If any difference his delusion seems to have a wider range and become more fixed.

In my opinion Mr. Scott will never recover from this malady and the probability is that he will always have to remain in an institution of this kind, or be cared for at home under the directions and care of a special nurse. If this could be done it would not be necessary for him to be confined here, as he is perfectly harmless and easy to manage.

I appreciate what you say regarding Mr. Scott's ability and past usefulness, as also the anxiety of his numerous friends as to his recovery, and I regret greatly not being able to give you encouragement as to his ever getting well.

Mr. Scott has every care and is made as comfortable as possible under the existing circumstances.

With very kind regards I am,
Yours Respectfully,
Dr. O. W. Archibald.

Ladies, have you seen the new styles in Kid Gloves at Lahey & McKenty's?

Honor Rolls

S. S. NO 8 SHEPPARD

IV Class—Pearl Sexsmith, Emma Gee John McWilliams, Thomas Donohoe, Edward Garrett, George McKeown.

III Class—Thomas Gaffney, Carrie McGarvey, Matthew Donohoe, Mamie Garrett, Archie Gee, Michael Donohoe, James McWilliams, James McKeown.

II Class—Ada Sexsmith, Henry Anderson, Edward Donohoe, John Gee, Stephen Garrett, George Anderson.

Part II—Albert Sexsmith, Maggie Garrett, Albert Donohoe, Edward McKeown.

MABEL CATON, Teacher.

GREYNA.

Sr. IV—Gertie Sills 1,415, Elmer Alkenbrack 1,898, Matt Mellow 1,782.

Jr. IV—Arthur Alkenbrack 1,815, Jas. Keech 1,786, Elmore Hamby 1,463.

III—Lizzie Sills 1,585, Lena Fields 1,496, Herbert Mellow 1,310, Maud Luffman 1,282.

Sr. Part II—Bessie Mellow 875.

Jr. Part II—Mary Williams 763, Daisy Luffman 706.

Good Conduct—Gertie Sills, Mata Mellow, Jas. Keech, Arthur Alkenbrack, Herbert Mellow, Lena Fields, Bessie Mellow, Daisy Luffman.

NELLIE WHELAN, Teacher.

S. S. NO. 12 RICHMOND.

IV Class—Edith Woodcock 2,795, Aylsworth Sills 2,698, Carrie Lockhead 2,343, Lizzie Lockhead 2,188, Willis Loucks 2,160, Lizzie Jaynes 1,997, Willie Jaynes 1,794, Raymond Grooms 1,299, Maurice Vandebogart 1,289, Blanche Cline 1,194.

Sr. III Class—Walter Woodcock 2,398, Garfield Sills 1,033, Louisa Dunning 1,913, Lena Smith 1,720, Ethel Loun 1,675, Willie Chamberlain 1,035, Luella Sweet 802.

Jr. III—Stenard Shetlar 975, Thorold Smith 918, Sophrona Dunn 879, Fred Pringle 853, Roy Smith 727, Frank Milling 632.

II Class—Ernest Long 863, Pansy Sherlock 711, Mabel Jaynes 690.

Part II—Otta Sills 1188, Mina Sills 1,177, Denya Clark 771, Edna Connolly 734, Willie Milling 595.

Pt. I—James Jaynes, Harold Sweet.

A. A. EDGAR, Teacher.

CROYDON P. S.

Class IV—Edna McKeown 559.

Class IV—Lillie Teskey, 545, Ella Close 539, Annie Byrnes 411, Edmund Close 339, Carrie Close 328, Daniel McGregor 199, Angus McKeown 199, Myrtle Galbraith 189, Nettie Galbraith 57, Robert Edgar 21.

Class III Sr.—Ernest Teskey 346, Samuel Campbell 308, Hugh Byrnes 253, Jeannie McGregor 191, Andrew McGregor 166, Mabel Deline 134, Sarah Almond 114.

Class III Jr.—Herbert Bawn 342, Willie McKeown 313, Wilbert Campbell 228.

Class II Sr.—Bashford Close 279, Elmore Galbraith 264, Lesley Kellar 198, Charles Lumberg 139, Jeannie Dewey 102, Cephas Johnston 16.

Class II Jr.—Pearl Bawn 294, Ethel Kellar 235, Mary A. Dwyer 217, Annie McGregor 176.

Pt. II—Eliza Dewey 260, John Byrnes 257, Dennis Dwyer 244, Claude Teskey 219, John Kellar 198, Robert Deline 151, Evelyn Furrs 108.

Pt. I—Theresa Dewey 193, Delbert Kellar 102, Alexander Byrnes 101, Percival Furrs 35, Blanche Hunter 9.

THOS. E. FURRS, Teacher.

Delicious Bon Bons and Walker's satin.

The Big Store

WILL CONTINUE TO GIVE ►

SPECIAL BARGAINS!

See our Handbills on Saturday

New Arrivals this Week

Two Cases Spring Dress Goods,

One Case Spring Umbrellas,

Two Cases Washing Dress Goods,

Cases Spring Shoes.

LAHEY & MCKENTY

Parish of Adolphustown.

Services next Sunday : St. Paul's, Sandhurst, service at 11 o'clock; St. Alban's, Adolphustown, service at 3 o'clock; St. Jude's, Gosport, service at 7 o'clock.

Parish of Bath.

Mr. E. J. B. Pense, treasurer of the Diocese of Ontario and Rev. Canon Burke, rector of Belleville, held a very successful Missionary Meeting in St. John's church on Sunday evening, 10th inst. They made most effective addresses and a good offertory collection was the result.

Mission of Ernestown.

Services next Sunday, March 17th, Matins and Holy Eucharist at Odessa 11 a.m.; Evensong at Thorpe 3 p.m.; Evensong at Odessa at 7 p.m.—Lenten services: At Thorpe every Tuesday at 4 p.m.; at Odessa every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.; at Hawley every Friday at 7.30 p.m.

Parish of Selby

There were two adult baptisms in the parish during the past week.—A large number attended the choir practice on Tuesday night last.—Divine service next Sunday at Kingsford at 2.45 p.m. and at Selby at 7.15 p.m.—A special Lenten service will be held in St. John's church, Selby, on Tuesday, 19th inst., at 7.30 p.m., after which the weekly choir practice will take place.

Parish of Camden.

Services Sunday next : St. Luke's, Camden East, 11 o'clock; 7 o'clock; Holy Trinity, Yarker, 8 o'clock; Centreville 3 o'clock; St. John's, Newburgh, 8 o'clock; Holy Communion, 10.30. Morning Prayer: Napanee Mills 7 o'clock. Subject of sermon "High church—Low church, what is the difference." Lenten services this week in Centreville are being well attended and all seem much interested. Next week, commencing Sunday morning, in St. Luke's Camden East, each evening at 7.30. All welcome.

Lenten Services.

The usual weekly Lenten services were held last week in St. John's Church, Newburgh, there being a good attendance each night, services much appreciated by all. The addresses being well thought and most earnestly delivered are instructing and educating the people as it were to "know themselves" and true religion. The subjects chosen discipline of body, tongue, heart, mind and will. These same addresses will be given next week in St. Luke's Camden east, at which we hope all these who possibly can will attend and thereby be strengthened and encouraged to live pure, honest, and upright lives.

Credit Sale.

Mr. Willitt Sills will offer for sale his farm stock and implements, by Public Auction, on the East Half of Lot Number 2, 1st Concession South Fredericksburgh, one half mile west of Conway, on Wednesday, March 20th, at 12 o'clock sharp. As the proprietor has leased his farm everything must be sold without reserve. See Bills. WESLEY HUFF, Auctioneer

For Sale or to Let.

Bargain. Fine farm between Robin and Croydon. Good buildings, orchard. Easy Terms, immediate possession. Apply

JOS. GALBRAITH, Croydon.
D. H. PRESTON, Napanee.
L. T. LOCHHEAD, Hamilton.

Dehorning Cattle.

Mr. L. F. Moore informs us that he had the pleasure of accompanying Dr. Meng one day last week, on a dehorning expedition in the country back of Napanee. For a man of the doctors well known temperance principles he can handle more horns than any man we have yet heard of, and he considerably surprised his genial friend Moore with the dexterity in which he handled a horn, or to be explicit 124 horns was the number amputated by the Doctor on the day Mr. Moore accompanied him. Baron Shibley's, near Wilton, was the first place visited and in a short space of time 22 bovines were metamorphosed into "cant hooks." Mr. Babcock, of Wilton had twenty five cattle dehorned, the Messrs Lake, of Murvale, 22, Mr. Denyes, Violet, 18 head, Mr. Storms, of Florida, 10 head, Mr. Storms, of Wilton, 9 head, while 18 other cows were reduced to muleys.

Just to hand for the Great Sale Three Thousand yards New Wide English Prints to be sold at Lacey & McKenney's.

lines of Bicycles. Important improvements have been made in this year's models. Wood rims are now exclusively used, as they have been found much less liable to split than was at first thought, and they have a great advantage over steel rims on account of freedom from buckling. Ladies wheels will be much lighter in weight, varying from 22 to 27 lbs., an average of 15 lbs. lighter than last season's makes. McAlister & Co. will have all the different grades in ladies, Misses and boys wheels as well as mens this season. The celebrated Columbias will be better than ever this season as the Pope Co. have secured the right to use the patent nickel steel tubing, which enables them to turn out a much lighter weight and give at the same time as great strength as a frame made of the best steel tubing. Their heaviest road wheel for this season weighs only 21½ lbs. and is fully guaranteed to carry a person up to 230 lbs. weight. The "Comet" is a new addition to the lines handled by McAlister & Co. and is by all odds the best wheel made in Canada. They also have the Whitworth, the best English wheel, and the Stearns, Fleet, Spartan, Falcon, Crescent and other lines which makes an assortment from which any taste can be satisfied. Satisfactory terms can be arranged for payment. Call and see them before buying.

For spring Implements—do not forget MILES S. PLUMLEY. 16c

Subscribe for THE EXPRESS and Toronto Weekly Globe. The two papers, one year, for one dollar. The greatest snap on record.

The will of the late John White, Hastings county, has been probated. Estate, \$2,691.

Edward Kingston, chief train dispatcher on the Montreal and Belleville district of the G. T. R., is dead.

A series of races will be held on the Picton agricultural society's grounds on the Queen's Birthday.

A large assortment of cakes constantly on hand. Homemade butter mix caker, made to order any day, at Davis'.

The district from which patients may be sent to the Kingston insane asylum has been re-arranged so as to comprise the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Hastings, Lennox, Addington, Prince Edward, Frontenac and Renfrew.

E. F. O'Connor, who has been in Napanee for the past week, has shipped a carload of twenty-five horses to South Norwalk, Conn. Fair prices for these days were paid.—Picton Times.

The tender for the restoration of the Presbyterian church, Madoc, was awarded to R. F. Houston, Tweed. The price is \$4,000, not including seating or widows.

I want all kinds of grain delivered at Napanee or bay points, for which I will pay the highest market price. I will also pay the highest price for Timothy Seed delivered at our storehouse Napanee.

tf. F. E. VANLUVEN.

You've No Idea how nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes delight. If you are weak, tired and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Angus Martin, of concession 8, Thurlow, whilst feeding a machine for threshing clover, got his fingers too near the machine and had the misfortune to lose his arm below the elbow. It was torn to shreds.

Ham sandwiches, to order, at all times, at Davis'.

Health Restored.

APPETITE REGAINED.

STRENGTH RETURNED.

Distressing Constipation Cured by B. B. B.

GENTLEMEN.—For three years I have been terribly troubled with that distressing complaint, Constipation, and tried different medicines until last spring, when I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters, and after the use of five bottles had no more of my terrible suffering. Before I began using B. B. B. my appetite had almost gone and I was thin and very weak, but after the use of each bottle I could (and so did others) see a wonderful change in my looks and I felt my strength returning to me.

Mrs. Geo. W. Mackinson's, Landing, Ont.

"The Dandy" is the best barrel now for

ter from Rev. Arthur Jarvis advocating the establishment of a County Poor House in Napanee. While I fully sympathize with the spirit of benevolence and philanthropy actuating those who are moving for the erection of a Poor House, I cannot at the same time agree that it would be advisable for this county to engage in such an undertaking. In the first place we must remember that there are four distinct grades of paupers in this country:

- 1st. The professional aristocrat
- 2nd. The notorious tramp.
- 3rd. The immoral characters.
- 4th. The moral character.

For the benefit of your subscribers I will give a short sketch of each.

One day as I was engaged in school in Gloucester, England, one of the boys came to me and said, please Sir, there is a gentleman at the door wishing to speak to you. Of course I went, and sure enough there was a gentleman, no less than a "navy officer" splendid navy blue coat, gold tailings, a cap with gold band to match, white kid gloves, and spacy umbrella. Of course he knew my name and offered a very polite apology for the intrusion, at the same time taking from his breast a sheet of parchment, not quite the size of the map of England which he handed me to read. I said, I must beg you to excuse me, for I am engaged with one of my classes, and have not time; and putting my hand into my pocket, I put one cent into his delicate white kid gloved hand. He made me a very graceful bow, of course, he supposed I had given him a shilling, for, as soon as the door was closed, I heard the rattle of that half-penny on the flags, and such an explosion of profane language, that would have astonished a Billingsgate fish wife. From his manner, his language, his deliberate articulation I could see that he had received a superior intellectual education.

A few years since, one of the same class came to Napanee, in the garb of a clergyman. He was an intellectual swindler, and by deceit, and hypocrisy he took with him as much money, as would have supported an honest man, many a week.

No. 2 is the wandering tramp, selfish, lazy, idle, and dissipated.

No. 3 is the local immoral, slothful, indolent loafer.

No. 4 is the indurated, deserving, unfortunate moral character, and these are few in number, in comparison with other classes.

When I was at Manchester, England, there were boys 16 years of age in the Workhouse who could describe the dietary of every Poor House within twenty miles of the city.

To manage the pauper classes in England successfully is the most difficult problem that the "Poor Law Board" have to contend with to day. If we had a Poor House in Napanee, no matter how large, I will guarantee it would be filled in a very short time with No's. 2 and 3. So that our county council should use great discretion before they act.

T. McLEOD.

A. S. Kimmerly has an immense stock of new seeds such as Red Clover, Alsike, Timothy and a full line of Garden Seeds of all kinds. A full car of Manitoba Bran to hand in a few days. Keewatin Flour continues to lead. Sugars cheaper than all others.

A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was.

February is the month in which the greatest number of births occur; June the month in which the fewest.

Advertisements are the legs that business walks on. Put legs under your business by taking an ad. in THE EXPRESS. They'll walk you to success.

A man in a neighboring town has written 749 poems which are not to be published till after his death. Long life to him.

The Prince Edward county show will this year be held on Wednesday and Thursday, October 2nd and 3rd.

"I don't mind the bounce," soliloquized the young man, as he picked himself up from the middle of the street, "but it does seem to me that if I were the father of a nice young woman like that I would at least have the decency to spread a few sahes on the sidewalk for the benefit of callers."

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 20 Minutes. A short puff of the breath through the filter supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painful and distressing as it is, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness.

Mr. Wm. Jones, of Hamilton, returned home after an extended visit with his father in law, Mr. James Graham, Dundas street.

Miss Emma Fish, of Kingston, is visiting her parents and friends in town.

Mr. J. G. Baker, of Alexander, Man., has returned home after a month's visit with relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. J. Glave, of McLeod, N. W. T., who has been visiting friends in Kingston and Napanee for the last three months, returns to her home in the west next week.

Miss Emma Bennett, Piety Hill, was "At Home" to a number of her young friends to her work. A most enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Annie Conner gave a party to her friends on Tuesday evening. Dancing was indulged in.

Mr. James Gordon, before removing from London to Napanee, to become a Collector of the Canada Tract Society, was presented with a valuable fur coat and an address by his friends in that place.

M. Raymond Fernald, of Adolphustown, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. John Pollard.

Mrs. Peter Hogart was visiting friends in Cataraugus last week.

Miss Carrie Benn, of Newburgh, was in town last week the guest of Miss Effie Vanastine.

Rev. Thomas Cloworth, who sprained his wrist by a fall on the ice last week, is now about recovered from the effects of the accident.

Mr. W. B. Haines left for Belleville on Thursday to select stock for the spring trade.

Miss Jennie Baker is ill with the measles.

Mr. Geo. Eaton is still confined to his house, and we regret to say, that it may be some time yet before he will be able to be around.

Mrs. Rudd Perry is improving slowly. She was out driving Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. Vrooman, of Yarker, returned from Toronto on Tuesday.

Miss Jessie Hope, of Newburgh, was visiting friends in Napanee, last Saturday.

Erish Wilson M.P., of Napanee, was one of the guests at the banquet in Belleville, Tuesday evening.

Miss Maude Wagar, of Enterprise, attending the Colgate, Napanee, is very sick at Mr. McEivers. A little improvement to day, Thursday.

Mrs. James C. Huffman has gone to Toronto, visiting friends.

Mrs. Ed. Kaylor and two children, of Morven, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Maria Huffman and Mrs. Vic Huffman, Thomas street.

Miss Lotta Warner arrived home Saturday evening after a three weeks' visit with friends in Stratford.

Mrs. James Lajum and her daughter, Edith, at Miss Price's. Both have been very sick, but under the care of Dr. Ward will soon be out again.

Miss Ida Thompson, of Selby, spent Sunday in town, with Miss Effie Vanastine.

DIED.

DELMAGE.—At Millsap, on Sunday, March 10th, 1895, Joseph Price Delmage, only son of Wm. J. Delmage, aged 8 years and 11 months.

MARRIED.

FENNEL—POOLE.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Tweed, on Tuesday evening, March 6th, by Rev. J. C. Wilson, Mr. Chas. Fennel, Merchant of Roslin, to Miss Maggie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Poole.

Fresh home made cakes at Davis'.

Some people take pains naturally.

The unselfish mortal always keeps some good resolutions for others.

A young man in Port Hope, who may be called John J. Jones, answered the advertisement of a New York firm, who said they would send the name of any man's future wife on receipt of ten cents. The young man sent the money and received this answer by return mail: "Mrs. John J. Jones."

Evangelist Horner, who created such a ripple in Methodist church circles on the Eldorado circuit a short time ago, he commenced a series of nightly meetings in Madoc.

The oil of the Norwegian Cod Liver is nature's grand restorative, and is only found in its entirety and purity in Miller's Emulsion, "the kind that cures" all colds, coughs, bronchitis and all affections of the throat and lungs. Every bottle warranted. No oily taste like others. In 4 oz. bottles, 50c. and \$1.00, at druggists.

Belleville's reception to Sir Mackenzie Bowell was a grand success. It was marred, however, by the excessive partisanship of the old man himself. The reception was of a non-political character, participated in by a great many opponents of the Government. Bowell's references in his speech at the banquet to McCarthy, Devlin and other names were fit only for the hustings, and a fierce denunciation of the Rev. Dr. Gairdner, not only unbecoming to the occasion, and to the Premier of Canada, but to a gentleman.

There is no use kicking against the weather. So far as one can determine from the record, the world has always done just about as it pleased.

All accounts due A. D. McRossie, or McRossie & Co., must be settled at once. Geo. A. McRossie will be at the old stand for ten days to receive and settle accounts. After that time all accounts will be placed

MORE MINERS BURIED.

Seven Men Entombed in Boston Run Colliery.

AN EXTENSIVE CAVE-IN.

A Band of Rescuers Dig for Their Lost Comrades and Find Them Unhurt, But Can't Reach Them.

A Shenandoah despatch says: This community was startled this afternoon when it was announced that a great fall of coal had buried seven miners in the Boston Run Colliery. The fate of the thirteen entombed men at Plymouth added a new terror to the accident. Men and women and children rushed to the mine and at once a large force of rescuers set to work to dig out their lost comrades. The victims of the cave-in are:

Joseph Meekes, John Meeker, Lewis White, Charles Mohen, Elwood Mingle, James Kramer and William Evis.

It was 3 o'clock when the catastrophe occurred. Hereafter, almost breathlessly, the rescuers toiled for two hours. Then they were partially repaid and greatly encouraged by finding the Meekes brothers unhurt.

With renewed vigor the band of miners set to work to save their other companions. An hour went by and no signs of the lost miners. Women and children crowded at the head of the shaft to hear of the progress made in the black pit below.

The falling mass brought with it a rush of water, and also dammed up the water in the lower gateway so that the Meekes brothers, who were working in the lower gateway, had to swim through six feet of water to a free part of the gateway that enabled them to finally get out of the mine.

The officials decided that, by cutting through adjoining pillars for a distance of forty or fifty feet, they could reach the imprisoned men, and this work was at once begun with a full force of employees.

For hours the rescuers hammered away at the barrier that lay between them and their comrades. At last they heard noises from the vicinity of where the missing men were supposed to be, and the joyful news was soon passed about that the men were safe, and, to all appearances, jolly and helpful in their impromptu tomb. If the fall of the day does not extend and become general, the officials expect to release the imprisoned men before morning, but if another fall shall occur their destruction is inevitable.

SPRING WRAPS.

The Umbrella Back No Longer Favored in Paris.

Here are some Paris notes on wraps, all from *Le Bon Ton* for March:

The three-quarter length coat will in all probability still reign supreme, at least during the early spring. Parisian cloakmakers have, however, decreed the abolishment of the umbrella back, which had a short but successful reign. The latest fashions do not materially differ from these in the winter, the sleeves and revers remaining almost the same; the necessary fulness at the back is obtained by double plaits, which expand it sufficiently to fit gracefully over the skirt.

EVENING CLOAKS AND CAPES.

Evening cloaks are merely long cloziers of red, pink, tan or blue cloth; the prettiest are bordered with raveled silk and lined with the richest silk in stripes or brocade.

A handsomely of evening caps is of white Amazonas cloth, resembling half way to the knees; it had two ruffle collars and was edged with ruffles of white ribbon and narrow gold soutache, put on in a design of undulating lines.

TRAVELLING WRAPS.

For travelling there are useful capes of loosely woven Scotch goods in chequer and subdued plaids in brown and tan. These capes are out after the model of those worn by cavalry officers; a man's collar lined with a bright color is sometimes added.

For middle-aged women there are mantles of black satin or silk, with sleeve runs reaching below the knees, with fitted shoulder, and finished by three ruffles edged with narrow lace and jet; it is tied in at the waist.

Capes of light-colored lady's cloth have out-work borders underlaid with coarse black net, a new and very effective trimming; others have an edging of narrow embroidery.

The high-shouldered butterfly effect is somewhat on the wane, the garments being made less full than they have been.

THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER.

Sketch of the Public Career of the New Liberal Leader

CHOSEN TO SUCCEED GLADSTONE.

Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, visited Lord Rosebery in London yesterday afternoon, and told him of the Queen's wish that he accept the Premiership. Lord Rosebery was unwilling to give any firm decision. He conferred at length with his colleagues in the Cabinet, and delayed his acceptance until the evening. The Queen will come from Windsor to London to-morrow, and will give Lord Rosebery an audience in Buckingham Palace. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Herbert Asquith, Home Secretary, called upon Lord Rosebery to-day. Mr. Gladstone attended the Chapel Royal, St. James, this morning and took no part in the Cabinet-making.

Sir Archibald Philip Primrose, Knight of the Garter and Privy Counsellor, is Earl Rosebery in the peerage of Scotland and Baron Rosebery in the peerage of the United Kingdom. The Primrose family acquired distinction in the beginning of the seventeenth century through James Primrose, a lawyer of note, who became Clerk of the Privy Council of Scotland in 1602, and netless through his son, Archibald Primrose, who became also Clerk of the Privy Council, and subsequently Lord Clerk Register; and who received from Charles I. the title of a Baronet of Nova Scotia. This Sir Archibald Primrose drafted the celebrated Rosebery Act, which set aside as invalid the legislation of the Scots Parliament during the Commonwealth. The son of Sir Archibald Primrose was ennobled in 1700 under the title of Baron Primrose and Dalmeny, Viscount Rosebery, and later was created Earl of Rosebery in 1703. The present Earl of Rosebery is the fifth, having succeeded his grandfather in 1868. Lord Rosebery was born in 1847, and is thus in his forty-seventh year. He married in 1873 Hannah de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Meyer Amshel de Rothschild. Lady Rosebery died in 1890, leaving two sons and two daughters. Lord Rosebery attained his majority and succeeded to the estates almost simultaneously, and almost immediately thereafter entered public life. His slight, boyish figure, and fair, round, hairless face came to be familiar on political platforms about 1870. He did not and does not now look his years, and his ingenious youth, coupled with an agreeable voice and an unusual facility of epigrammatic and humorous expression, won for him at once a popularity which many men of greater but less attractive gifts have toiled after fruitlessly. He was not rich, so he married money and regretted that he was not a Commoner who might try his skill in debate with more worthy antagonists than he found in the sleepy occupants of the hereditary benches in the Chamber to which he was unfortunate accident of his birth had compelled him to go. Lord Rosebery made his Parliamentary debut in 1871, when he seconded the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in the House of Lords.

The evident success of his first appearance secured for him much flattering attention from his party, and the appointment at 25 years of age to a seat on the Scotch Educational Endowments Commission in 1872. But the defeat of the Liberals in 1874 prevented him from even the opportunity of occupying any post until the Liberals re-attained power in 1880. When Mr. Gladstone formed his Ministry in 1880, Lord Rosebery did not at first find a place. In August, 1881, however, he became Under Secretary for Home Affairs. Sir William Vernon Harcourt being Home Secretary. In 1883 he demitted office, on the ground, as stated at the time, that in Sir William Harcourt's view it was inexpedient that the Under Secretary for Home Affairs should be a member of the House of Lords. During the years of freedom from responsibility Lord Rosebery developed rapidly as a public speaker, and was so bold in some of his criticisms of the industrial system that he was dubbed for a time the "corrupted Socialist." In February, 1885, his claim to a prominent position in his party was fully vindicated and he became a member of the Cabinet with the intricate office of Lord Privy Seal. The fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government in June, 1885, closed Lord Rosebery's brief tenure of office. But in February, 1886, he returned as a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet.

The public excitement over the revolution was at its height, and the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament were manifesting much impatience over Lord Rosebery's course in refusing to dissolve Parliament upon the Minister's refusal to recommend a dissolution. So serious did the situation seem in England that Lord Kimberley, the Colonial Minister, selected Lord Rosebery to send on a secret mission, which really was to sound the feeling of the Canadian public upon Lord Rosebery's course. In the course of this piece of service he was introduced to Mr. Edward Blake and Mr. Mackenzie by Mr. J. D. Edgar, who, as chief Liberal whip, was much with Lord Rosebery. He impressed was Mr. Edgar with the brilliant qualities of the young Peer—then 26 years of age—that he came to be a friend "that it was young man and he would be Prime Minister of England."

The acquaintance formed then with Mr. Blake had a sequel, for prior to the first Home Rule Bill Lord Rosebery brought Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blake together at his own country seat at Dalmeny Park and the two statesmen, English and Canadian, there discussed the details of the Home Rule scheme, which was then just being matured.

A NOVELTY IN SILK.

The New "Jennese" Which is Now the Rage in Paris.

The French women have opened their arms to a novelty in silk which is styled "Jennese."

The attractiveness of the material consists in a checkered, crimped effect. It really looks as if it had been accorded plaited creosole of the goods and then given a lengthwise crimping in tiny squares. The crimp, however, is much finer than accordion plaitings and is done in waving.

The jennese silk has the advantage that it is substantial and can be used for dresses for the house or street, even for summer in the country, for capes and flous, and is especially adapted to making large puff sleeves, while matines of it are fetching to the last degree. Silk blouses with lace or embroidered yoke and deep cuffs are made of it. It ruffles or forms a jabot with equal ease, and quaint dresses for little girls are made from it.

As for petticoats, an odd and pretty one sent out of a private establishment to wear with a new ball gown was made of the white jennese with several platings around the loch. For graduating frocks it will be very charming, as the material itself is too dainty to require any trimming and is adapted to the simplicity that graduating gowns require.

A favorite style of dress skirt is one either with a deep flounce set on a narrow yoke or a Spanish flounce with a double shirred heading set on the edge of a width of the material.

The shades of pink that run from a pale sea-shell hue to deep emerald are being freely bought to make summer dancing gowns, or blouses, or simple evening dresses, or those designed for piazza wear. Lacy yokes or flounces can be used to good effect, and winter frocks can be freshened up with flounces or ruffles and waist of the jennese silk.

It is cool, being of the weight of china silk, and it is said to wash under skilful handling, and in any event cleans successfully.

A CONTRAST.

Ottawa's Parliament building was finished within four or five years from the time when it was decided to erect it, and the total cost was well within a million and a half of dollars. New York State Capitol at Albany has been nearly thirty years under construction, and it is yet unfinished. According to the latest estimates it will take more money to finish building the Capitol at Albany than the whole cost of the Ottawa building. Up to this year the expenditure has been \$20,673,499. The site cost \$33,180. Its purchase was completed in 1870. Work has been going on continuously ever since. At least, there has been appropriation for construction every year. The smallest since 1868 was in 1887, when only \$51,473 was appropriated. That was the year when an indignant public revolted against being bled further and declared that if the Capitol was still unfinished it should be allowed to tumble to ruin rather than that such a scandalous extravagance should continue. During the three succeeding years, Capital appropriations were kept down to a moderate figure. Then the old era of extravagance returned. "It's only," but the Capitol must be finished," was the cry of the politicians. And the taxpayers agreed and assented. "We suppose it must."

CHOSES DE PARIS.

Gossip of What is Passing in the Gay Capital.

HUNTING FOREIGNERS A FAILURE.

A Pretty Queen Washerwoman—Charles Revives the Old Hunting says—Morals of Boulevard Cafetiers—Sara Bernhardt Tells Where Her Money Goes—Rumpus About Canonizing James of Aragon—Strange Experience of a Prince With His Sweetheart.

PARIS, Feb. 18. OMBS is the one word heard on all sides. The atmosphere is redolent with bomb, but happily of no more harmful nature than the sharp quick utterance with which the word is pronounced by the typical Parisian. It is to be feared that Paris will soon lose its reputation as the city of gayety and the world's favorite playground, unless the Government can discover more effective weapons than those already used for fighting the Anarchists. A city where people are peppered with bullet-shot and pieces of rough lead while they are drinking beer or coffee and listening to music, or where diners at restaurants are stabbed in the stomach to punish them for their lack of comfort in that region, can hardly be called gay without a suggestion of irony. Most people go to cafes to pass a pleasant hour or two in a lively and good-tempered company; but if they feel that a bomb may explode any minute under one of the tables and riddle their legs with shot they are no longer at their ease. Fond as the Parisians are of excitement, they do not like it in this form.

If the execution of Vallant was not exactly a carnivalesque performance on "Fat Monday," it was, nevertheless, generally thought to be a salutary one; and the next day the Parisians pelted one another with paper confetti, tickled one another's noses with peacock feathers, and romped like children on the boulevards. Valiant and the other Anarchists were quite forgotten by the revelers. But there were those who did not forget the "martyr." Scores of morose-looking fellows have, since the execution, made a pilgrimage to the Ivory Cemetery, and have been seen standing at Vallant's grave—probably swearing vengeance ever it.

Before the explosion in the case of the Hotel Terminus it was clear that in spite of the vigorous efforts made on the 1st of January to capture all suspected persons, those who had slipped through the meshes of the net in Paris alone were quite capable of carrying on the anti-social war. What is astonishing is that, notwithstanding all the secret police agents, who move everywhere in Paris, and the system (theoretically followed in France) of keeping every man of uncertain home and occupation under police surveillance, the Anarchists still find the means of procuring explosives and manufacturing bombs. This police system, so much vaunted as the most elaborate and perfect piece of mechanism of its kind, is evidently a failure. It is chiefly annoying to poor and honest persons, who are often treated as if they were rogues, whereas cunning rascals can always trick the police, and they frequently pass themselves off as very respectable persons.

ANARCHISTS DON'T LIKE WORKMEN'S CLOTHES.

It is a peculiarity of the militant Anarchists that, although they may come from the drags of society, they strive their utmost to dress like bourgeois, the very class which they have sworn to destroy. This, however, is not inconsistent, for every man vainly as at the riot of the 1st of January and their maddest. Ravanel and Vallant tried to look as little like workmen as possible, and if the two jailbirds had been able to obtain for themselves what they wanted they would have been glad to number themselves with the bourgeois. The journeyman shoeman who stuck his awl into the Serbian Minister just when the latter had finished dining, and Breton, the candle-maker, who threw the bomb at the Hotel Terminus, showed by their dress that they loathed the distinctive garb of a workman.

...ing; others have an edging or narrow embroidery.

The high-shouldered butterfly effect is somewhat on the wane, the garments being as a rule less fancy than they have been.

RUCHES AND COLLARETTES.

Ruches of ribbon finish the necks of coats and a bow and long ends is tied at the neck. Later in the season collarets of lace and jet will make their appearance.

A collarette to be worn in the carriage affords but a slight protection, although it is very dressy; it consists of two collars of strawberry satin with an intervening one of black velvet; the fronts were pleated and descended a short distance below the waist.

MINE IN CUPS.

Now a Prejudice of the Children was Overcome.

A woman who has tried it says that the way things are served is as important to children as to their elders, oftentimes, although the former may not be able to formulate the difference. For example, she says, my children all of them dislike hash; no matter how carefully it was made it was invariably refused. One day it occurred to my cook to put the hash late little cups, and set them in the oven to brown. She did it, serving one to each plate, and since then "mine in cups," as it is judiciously called, is a favorite dish.

Provincial Expenditure.

The estimates for 1894 for a total expenditure of \$3,415,663, by the Ontario Government, are as follows:

Civil Government.....	\$ 244,005
Legislation.....	124,300
Administration of Justice.....	414,322
Education.....	653,112
Public Institutions maintenance.....	770,523
Immigration.....	8,225
Agriculture.....	177,775
Hospitals and charities.....	176,159
Maintenance and repair of Government and Departmental buildings.....	75,246
Public Buildings—	
(1) Repairs.....	14,100
(2) Capital account.....	207,290
Public Works—	
(1) Repairs.....	14,690
(2) Capital account.....	22,302
Colonization roads.....	104,370
Charges on Crown lands.....	125,300
Refund account.....	23,314
Miscellaneous expenditure.....	179,190
Unforeseen and unprovided.....	50,000
Current expenditure for 1891.....	3,058,386
On capital account.....	333,962
Other purposes.....	23,314
Amount of estimates.....	\$3,415,663

The new outlays on public buildings which the estimates foreshadow amounts to \$297,290. Of this the payments for the incense receive the following: Toronto, \$9,400; Mimico, \$15,100; London, \$15,100; Hamilton, \$24,830; Kingston, \$28,080. On the Central Police the Government proposes to spend \$26,000, and on the Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute, \$10,050. The district of Nipissing is to have \$11,500 in public buildings. As this session is to be followed by an election the estimates for colonization roads possess special interest. The Government asks for \$104,370 for this purpose, of which the North Division is to get \$23,170, the West Division \$19,600, and the East Division \$34,300, while \$27,300 is for general purposes.

Afternoon Teas.

The habit of taking afternoon tea in the Russian fashion, with a slice of lemon instead of milk, is growing in favor among women. There is no doubt that the beverage is less bilious this way, and that the delicate flavor of the fragrant leaf can be more readily appreciated. Tea tasters, when engaged in sampling, never put milk or cream into their cups, which would only serve to make discrimination between the various blends the more difficult.—*London Lady.*

Catharine's Wonderful Watch.

When Catharine of Russia was on the throne, an ingenious present presented her with a marvelous watch, which is at present being exhibited in St. Petersburg. In size and shape it somewhat resembles a chicken's egg. When wound up to the proper pitch, it plays religious chants accompanied with scenic effects.

Pumpkins weighing 266 pounds have been grown in California.

The largest advertising sign in the world is on the side of a hill back of Ardenlee, Scotland. The words, "Glasgow News," are out in the shape of flower beds, and can be distinctly seen and read at a distance of four miles.

The Suez Canal is 88 miles long, and reduces the distance from England to India nearly 4,000 miles for ships.

He became a member of the Cabinet with the late office of Lord Privy Seal. The fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government in June, 1885, closed Lord Rosebery's brief tenure of office. But in February, 1886, he returned as a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet with the greatly improved position of Foreign Secretary. In March of the same year there occurred the split in the Liberal ranks when Mr. Chamberlain and his friends broke away from their party. Lord Rosebery remained with his chief, and left office with him at mid-summer, 1886.

He became a member for the London County Council in 1889; he was elected the First Chairman, with general public approval.

Lord Rosebery's claim to the Premiership undoubtedly rests very largely upon his work as Chairman of the London County Council. His three years' career in that capacity has earned for him a reputation for shrewdness, for skillfulness in managing men and for great capacity in grappling with complicated detail, which are all recognized to be essential qualities in the superior man of affairs.

When Mr. Gladstone resumed office in 1892, Lord Rosebery naturally became Foreign Secretary; no other appointment was possible. Certain indefinable signs have appeared that he has conducted affairs at the Foreign Office with a firm hand. Even his political opponents, and perhaps most of all those, have recognized this to the full. It is a little difficult, from any special acts of his, to justify fully the prevailing conception that he is an ideal Foreign Secretary, yet the past two years have been characterized by no blunders, and, in the case of Egypt and otherwise, he has been sufficiently emphatic to please even the jingo tendencies that still remain or periodically revive in England.

PREVIOUS APPOINTMENTS.

After his debut in political life, Lord Rosebery filed a number of appointments, which, in their graduated scale of importance, give a picture of his gradual rise in the political world. In the same session as that in which he made his first speech he made his first important political move by proposing an amendment to the Government Education Bill for Scotland, which aimed at the exclusion of catechisms from Public Schools, thus early showing his strong stand upon the question of national education. He spoke in the same session on Lord Russell's men regarding the Alabama treaty, and was appointed to serve on the commission to inquire into environments in Scotland. In the session of 1873 he moved for and obtained a committee of inquiry on the supply of horses in the country. The results of the committee's investigations was the remission of the tax on horses. During the session of 1874 he moved for and was made Chairman of the Committee on Scotch and Irish Representative Peers. In October, 1874, he acted as President of the Social Science Congress, which met in Glasgow. On Nov. 16th, 1878, he was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, in succession to the late Mr. W. E. Forster. In 1880 Edinburgh University conferred the same honor upon him, his inaugural lecture not being delivered until November 4th, 1882. In Aug., 1881, he was made Under Secretary of State for the Home Department, in succession to Mr. Lyndard Courtney, who was transferred to the Colonial Office. He resigned this in June, 1884, and in November, 1884, became First Commissioner of Works, in succession to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who became Postmaster General, in succession to Mr. Fawcett. In 1884 he moved for a select committee to inquire into the best means of improving the efficiency of the House of Peers. In 1886 Lord Rosebery became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and held the office during Mr. Gladstone's short Ministry. In 1888 Cambridge conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. On January 17, 1889, he was, with Sir John Lubbock, elected member for the city division of the newly constituted London County Council, and on February 12th he was elected Chairman of that body. He held this office till June, 1890, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Sir John Lubbock. He made an ideal chairman, and the limitation of speeches to 15 minutes and constant application of closure under his careful guidance resulted in an enormous amount of work being done. In 12 months he presided over 44 public meetings of the Council, and attended 280 regular committee meetings, besides nearly as many informal meetings. On November 19, 1890, Lady Rosebery died of typhoid fever. In November, 1891, Lord Rosebery's monograph on William Pitt appeared.

LORD ROSEBERY IN CANADA.

Many Canadian public men will remember Lord Rosebery's visit to Canada in 1873, at the time of the Pacific Railway scandal.

Then the old era of extravagance returned. "It's only, but the Capitol must be finished," was the cry of the politicians. And the taxpayers sighed and assented, "We suppose it must."

Thirteen months ago Governor Flower estimated that the building could be finished for \$2,251,025, but after spending a third of that sum it is now estimated that \$3,000,000 more will be needed. There are now 1,600 men employed in the construction of the Capitol. They are appointed by Commissioner Perry on the recommendation of the State officers, political committees and members of the Legislature. Not a man gets a job unless he has the backing of some politician. The work has become simply a public trough at which the Albany spillovers can feed their clamorous supporters. We may be thankful that Ontario enjoys better government than New York.

A Difference Now.

He loved the girl.
That was plain to the most casual observer.

He sent her flowers.
He wanted her to go with him everywhere he went.

Every spare moment he devoted to her.
When he was beside her he was the willing slave of her every wish.

Did she drop her fan, he was the first to pick it up.

Did she want a glass of nectar, he flew to fetch it.

Did she want an easier chair, he moved all the furniture in the room in order to gratify her.

Did she ask this or that, he was only too glad to be of service.

Theatre tickets and drives and carriages and books and all manner of pretty little conveniences were for her alone.

His voice was a flute note for her always; and his days were spent in thoughts of her.

But that was years ago.
How different now.

He married her.—*London Tit Bits.*

He Made It All Right.

Manager (to new clerk, who has just entered with a look of great complacency upon his countenance)—Well, you caught the post with these two letters?

New clerk—Yes, sir—just managed it; but you had made a funny mistake. You put the 24th stamp on the London letter and the 1d stamp on the foreign one.

Manager—Dear me; very stupid. What did you do?

New clerk—Oh, I made it all right, sir. I only noticed it just before I put them in the box, but there was still a minute to spare, so I slipped into the post-office and altered the addresses.—*Ex.*

The Proverbial Mouth.

A wise head has a close mouth to it. (Hindoo.)

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. (Bible.)

A man must keep his mouth open a long while before a roast pigeon will fly into it. (Danish.)

Put a seal upon your mouth and guard your heart with the same vigilance as the ramparts of a city. (Chinese.)

Once in people's mouths it is hard to get out of them. (German.)

Mouth shut, eyes and ears open. (Italian.)

Advertising That Paid.

It has been asked, "Does advertising pay?" A German journal, the *Mainzer Nachrichten*, replies to this question by giving the following fact, the authenticity of which it guarantees: A person advertised that he would pay five marks to the sender of the largest potato. In less than fifteen days the clever advertiser found himself in the possession of as many sacks full of the very finest potatoes, which, after paying the five marks promised for the largest sample, might be reckoned a very profitable speculation.

The Escape.

"My son," said Mr. Binks, with a frown, "Mr. Walder says he was hit behind the ear with a piece of putty this morning. Were you the boy that blew that piece of putty?"

"I cannot say, papa," said Willie. "Pieces of putty are so much alike that I doubt if I could identify mine." And then the old man took the boy upstairs and administered a few love-taps.

Mrs. Jones—Is your wife at home, Mr. Wilbur?

Wilbur—Not certain, but if you'll hold that screen door open for half a minute you'll hear from her.

(On a lark.—*Leathers.*)

Minister Jones when the latter had finished dining, and Broton, the candle-maker, who threw the bomb at the Hotel Terminus, showed by their dress that they loathed the distinctive garb of a workman.

CHARACTERS GOES A-HUNTING.

The Duc de Chartres is trying to revive the old hunting days in the forest of Cannally. The dress of the guests and other gentlemen following the hounds consists of a long blue or olive drab redingote reaching to the knees, with one row of buttons and without pockets, the collar of blue velvet; waistcoat the same, without braid; white breeches; the buttons gold or a silver ground, with a "V" (venerie) entwined with "O" (for Orleans). For the man the color of the cloth is lighter. The whipper-in and the man on her back have the same term of coarson. The *faucons* are a horse of braid, one gold and two silver, straight collar of the same braid, a waistcoat covered with silver braid and pockets with three points. The men on foot wear a short jacket well braided; the breeches of blue velvet, and the buttons silver with "V" and "O" in the middle. The equipment of the Duc de Chartres represents the old traditions of his ancestors who were renowned for their hunting parties, and brought to one's memory the old song of the Orléans:

Par Saint Hubert, mon patron,
C'est quelque duc de haut renom, un neir pae-froi,
Qu'en venant un roi se dresse et bondit sous lui,
Sonnez, eueyres et piqueurs,
Un duc d'Orleans vient on ces lieux.

ELECTION OF THE MIDLAND QUEEN.

Mademoiselle, the *blanchisseuse* who was chosen as being the fittest to fulfil the role of Midland Carnival Queen, is a sweet, pretty, and divine being. Dimples and smiles play hide-and-seek on the *bebe* face of this highly-honored Miss Marie Bonhomme, who has not yet seen eighteen summers, run their course in this wicked, wearying world. These assembled in the Cafe de la Republique to watch the election of this young sovereign more than envied the position of the President of the Corporation, who could improve with impunity a couple of kisses on Mademoiselle's apple cheeks. The head of the committee of students was also in luck's way. On presenting her with a ring in the name of his confreres he was allowed to salute her in the tenderest manner.

PARISIAN PROPRIETY OF SALOON KEEPERS.

Much to the dismay of late night-birds, whose maxim runs somewhat to this effect: "On il y a de la gene il n'y a point de plaisir," a boulevard report is that at certain restaurants the managers, taken with a sudden fit of propriety, late of noneforth to exact late evening dress on the part of their naughty midnight clients. Hats and bonnets will have to be unknown quantities, and, of course, low bodies will be *designeurs*. However, not content with enforcing these rules, ces messieurs are thinking of reforming the guide beauties in the way of manner and general deportment. The sight of a lady standing on the table or kicking up her heels *en fureur* is hardly edifying to a young bride brought in tow by her husband to an opposite table. But, on the other hand, an over-dose of propriety spills ruin to midnight restaurants. The police are passive in these matters of morality, and, rarely, if ever, interfere with the pleasures of those who prefer to seek their amusements by night rather than by day.

A CHAT WITH SARAH BERNHARDT.

Sarah Bernhardt, as every one knows, is a spendthrift and has not kept one cent of the pile which she has earned in her marvelous career; nor does she spare anything now. The fact is, she cannot do so. As I was talking to her, says an interviewer, in a room communicating with the dining-room in her hotel in the Boulevard Pereire, I heard the noise of a child, which, to say the truth, was a very cress and naughty voice. "My little devil of a granddaughter," said Sarah, with a laugh. "You hear! I am a grandmother, though I do not look it; she is thoroughly spoiled, but so pretty." "Does she live with you?" I asked. "No; she only comes every day for her meals with her parents, and I have entire charge of her—of them all"—she went on laughing, "because you see my money must go," and she raised her long thin hands against the light to show that between each finger was a wide opening. "It must pass through these when I get it, and I shall not leave a sou to Maurice and his family; therefore I have arranged things in this way: Maurice's wife, Princess Jablonska, has brought him 40,000 francs a year, and I will not have them touch this income, but I must accumulate and multiply for them to find a good home after my death—oh the only

were," she said shivering; "bill them I defray all their expenses and have their bills sent to me; this is so much saved out of the fire!"

SAINT JEANNE D'ARC

If dissembled spirits of the better sort have the faculty of keeping themselves informed of all that goes on in this world and if a sense of humor be not incompatible with their state of perfection, the Maid of Orleans must smile rather frequently at the vivacity with which the French are now quarrelling on her account. They are no longer indifferent to her merits, notwithstanding their ingratitude towards her for more than 400 years, but they are separated into two extremely hostile camps over the question whether she was a saint or merely a heroine endowed with military genius. She might have been forgiven for another 400 years or so, but for all that happened in 1870 and in subsequent years to mortify French pride. The revival of the old rivalry towards England—mainly in consequence of the turn of events in Egypt—begs to be a sign of circumstances which has thrown the figure of the Domremy heroine into such a more relief of late.

ROW WITH THE CLERICALS

The French mind turned back to the past, and became dazzled by that strong light of the closing Middle Ages, Jeanne d'Arc, shining across the dead centuries. Her history was revived, her statue was multiplied, politicians and churchmen, painters, sculptors and publicists threw themselves into the new movement; even the imitators of Voltaire took up the cult of the "Pucelle" whom their apostles had to scold as only ridiculed and traduced. Meanwhile nothing was more comic than the lury of the Royalists at the insane, as they consider it, which has been offered to the memory of Jeanne d'Arc. The act of de-laring Jeanne "venerable" is described as in "an on-paakable outrage." Lee XIII. a foreign Pontiff living out of the world of modern science and manners, is asked if he is trying to cast ridicule upon "the admirable daughter of the people, the humble peasant who had the good fortune to deliver France from the yoke of the enemy?" All true Republicans are advised to put a stop to any further "clerical" demonstrations in honor of the venerable Jeanne d'Arc by heeling and whatlog. The clerical papers reply to such writing somewhat in this fashion: "She is not Jeanne, not yours; you will never make a free-thinker or a revolutionist of her new."

PRINCE AND HIS LADY LOW

Don Fabrizio Massimo, Duke of Antico, and grandson on his mother's side of the late Duke as Joe Barry, is about to marry Princess Eugenie Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Charles Bonaparte, who served under Napoleon at Moscow, and niece of the Empress Eugenie. Only a year ago Don Fabrizio played a conspicuous part in a highly romantic adventure, which might have interfered with his matrimonial prospects. He fell in love with the pretty daughter of a Roman Itz'n, and ran away with her. His intentions appear to have been honorable, for he lost no time in presenting his innamorata to a priest who undertook to conciliate his parents. Princess Massimo raised no opposition to her suit, but only stipulated that "the young person" should go through a period of probation in a convent. Month after month she talked of eluding and insinuating to the girl's motives were spread abroad. She was frequently charged with having entrapped the son of one of the illustrious families of Italy into a calumny. BUT SHE WOULD AND THEN SHE WOULDN'T.

Scarcely two months since the young couple, with the full consent of their respective parents, presented themselves to his Majesty to go through the ceremony of a civil marriage. The Prince, on being asked he must question, 'Will thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' replied 'Yes!' in a very decided fashion; but when the same formula was addressed to the bride, her answer was equally vigorous. 'No!' She was determined to vindicate her honor eye to eye; at the cost of her heart, and nothing could induce her to alter her resolve. The Princess has been speedily cooled, but Parliament are anxious to learn whether the lady's wound has healed as satisfactorily.

SOUPS FOR EVERYBODY

A Variety From Which All May Suit Their Taste.

Vegetable soups make a nice addition to dinner in summer, and are acceptable in winter for a change and for a light soup with heavy meats.

Amber Soup.—To cold gravy and milk, or milk alone, add a carrot, an onion, a small turnip, and one cupful of cold, boiled spinach. Heat, add one cupful of cream, and serve.

SOUND SENSE FOR GIRLS

**Especially Country Girls Who Sigh for
City Life.**

The Big Towns Are Overcrowded, and When a Young Woman Has a Good Home 'Tis Folly for Her to Leave It—Advice Worth Heeding.

Right to the point is the following readable little article from the New York Sun: We all knew, the girl who writes, "I want to come to the city and earn my living; what chance have I?" She writes us from Elmstoot and from the country town where we used to live ourselves. She can do "most anything, you know," to earn money, from painting a plaque to writing editorials on the cozen rickiety of the tariff; and the town she was born and brought up in, where everybody calls her by her first name and likes her, where she has a sunny little room all to herself and a new gown whenever she orders for it, won't hold her any longer. Now here is an answer to the girl that a woman wrote who knew what she was talking about. There should be a special Act of Congress passed providing that this letter should be printed, framed and hung in every country school-house, every village seminary, every small city high school. The woman's name is Martha Everts Holden, and the ambitious girl of whom she writes had written to her:

"I feel like posting an immediate answer and saying, 'Stay where you are.' I didn't do it, though, for I knew it would be useless. The girl is bound to come, and come she will. And she will drift into a third-rate boarding-house, than which if there is anything meaner—let us pray. And if she is pretty she will have to carry herself like a queen on high hills to avoid contamination. If she is condescending and innocent, the fate of that highly-persecuted heroine of old-fashioned romances, Clarissa Harlowe, is before her. If she is homely, the doors of opportunity are firmly closed against her. If she is smart, ate will, perhaps, succeed in earning enough money to pay her board bill and have sufficient left over to indulge in the maddening extravagance of an occasional paper of pins or a ball of tape. What if, after hard labor and repeated failure, she does secure something like success? No sooner will she do so than she will step some dapper youth who will beckon her over the border into the land where tremble just begin. She won't know how to sew or bake or make good coffee, for such arts are liable to be overlooked when a girl makes a career for herself; and so love will gallop away over the hills like a riderless steed and happiness will flare like a light in a windy night.

"On, no, my little country maid, stay where you are if you have a home and friends. Be content with fishing for trout in the brook rather than struggling a stormy sea for whales. A great city is a cruel place for young ladies. It takes them the older press takes juicy apples, sun-kissed and flavored with the breath of the hills and crushes them into pulp. There is a special juice in each apple, but older is cheap. The girl of whose success you read is, in nine cases out of ten, the girl with a friend at court who gives her the opportunity to show what she can do. Without such a friend the path of the lone girl in a great city is a briery, uphill track."

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

**She Often Has More Than Her Own Share
of Burdens to Bear.**


I can see her, a faded, haggard, salivewoman, tired from the weary rising in the dark winter morning, to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the cold room upstairs, at night. Her husband is kind to her; but he has his own work; and her back aches, she is dizzy and faint, and life grows a heavier load on her shoulders every day. She does not consider that her health is part of the home's capital; and she is sure that they cannot afford to hire help, behindhand as they are; they can't afford a doctor (who would ride ten miles and charge five dollars), but she remembers that the last time she was at church she heard one of the society speak of a patent medicine that helped her last spring, and she will send for the medicine. Or else she writes to the household paper (price fifty cents a year) which she takes, asking the editor's advice. What pathos and suggestive things are the correspondents in these humble journals! How the ineradicable too namely longing to be attractive comes out in queer prescriptions to prevent the hair falling out, to remove

THE VIRTUE OF CLEANNESS

Glasgow's Systematic Campaign Against Public and Private Dirt.

LIGHTS ON COMMON STAIRS.

Municipal Swimming Baths, Hot Baths and Washing Houses—What They Cost and How They Are Patronized—Entertainments Also Provided by the City at Low Cost.



TWENTY years ago, says a Scottish correspondent, Glasgow began a campaign against domestic dirt. The war has been carried on with some energy, and the militant example of the Scotch city has been imitated by other towns in Great Britain. But after an experience of two decades Glasgow finds that the plan of campaign upon which she originally started to carry the gospel of cleanliness into the most unclean parts of the town has not been as efficacious as its promoters had hoped. The drawback seems to have been that the operations were not sufficiently diffused; the forces of soap and water were not divided with sufficient minuteness; they were concentrated at a half a dozen large centres, around which, within a radius of a quarter of a mile, a prodigious amount of washing and scrubbing had been carried on, the place without the radius, however, being left practically untouched.

PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH HOUSES.

Shs erected five large buildings in as many districts of the town. A description of one of these buildings is a description of all. The cost of construction was from \$35,000 to \$50,000 on each edifice. The total capital outlay, which includes the cost of land for these five baths and wash house buildings, has run up to the present, something over \$800,000. The baths are open from 7 o'clock in the morning till 8.30 at night, except on Sundays, when they are open for an hour and a half from 7 a. m. till 8.30 a. m.

I need not say that the buildings are very substantial. They would not be Scotch if they were not substantial. The most conspicuous object in any of the bathing houses is the huge swimming tank, holding a capacity of nearly 100,000 gallons. It is 75 feet long, 40 feet broad, and 10 inches deep at its deep end, and 3 feet 6 inches deep at its shallow end. Its bottom and sides are faced with white glazed tiles. The water is always maintained at a comfortable temperature, so that in the winter as well as in the summer the baths are much resorted to. The

FIVE HUGE SWIMMING TANKS

provided to the municipality accommodated in that city year accounted for 453 718 swimmers. Very naturally, when the temperature of the outdoor air is high, the months to their largest business. An outdoor temperature of 70° is considered a high one for a swimmer, and when the mercury marks that figure the swimming ponds bring in weekly receipts of \$849. In some cases there are swimming places for women as well as for men, but in places where the double accommodation has not been provided, certain rooms are set apart for the use of the baths by either sex. The charge for admission to the swimming ponds is 4 cents for adults and 2 cents for persons under 13 years of age. Packages of tickets may be purchased at reduced rates. Swimming is very popular, especially at the big baths for \$1.50 a night. The club has more than 40 members an additional charge of 2 cents is made for every person in excess of that number. In the summer the water in the great baths is changed daily; in the winter it is changed twice a week.

In each main building are little rooms, sparsely fitted with furniture for two baths. The use of one of the baths can be had for 4 cents, or for 8 cents, according to the accommodation.

THE WASH HOUSES

which are attached to the bathing buildings are worthy the attention of all dwellers in cities, not merely because the accommodations are provided by the municipality—they could be equally well provided by private enterprises—but because they show

number of families each place has to accommodate. A good check experiment would be to equip one back court with "always ready" facilities for bathing and for washing clothes. Statisticians gathered from the workings would in a few months enable us to decide whether a scheme on the same lines could be formulated for the greater part of the city. The annual expenditure connected with one establishment would be the interest on the small outlay, fuel, gas, wages for neighboring tenant's attendant. Whatever the expenditure might amount to it probably would easily be met by small charges. (The

TOWELS AND SOAP

could be supplied by the bathers themselves." Such a scheme would make the baths and wash houses available to these districts where they are most needed.

If any one wishes to work out a similar plan in American cities, he may find the following figures useful. Glasgow's experience is that the annual revenue per square yard from the existing baths and wash houses is as follows :

Wash houses, including machine room...	\$3 18
Hot baths for males, including spectators' gallery.....	8 81
Hot baths for females, including spectators' gallery.....	2 47
Swimming baths for males.....	2 68
Swimming baths for females.....	1 20

The five establishments at present in operation pay more than their working expenses, but the city has to make up a slight annual deficit of \$10,000 to \$15 000 to cover interest charges, etc. This deficit decreases every year as the patronage of the establishment increases.

About four years ago Glasgow went into
THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS.

A large building known as "St. Andrew's Halls" had been erected at a cost of something like \$800,000. There was a large hall, and there were smaller halls, under one roof. There was a great organ, and there were other attractions of equipment. In the great hall 4,000 people could be seated. Other apartments and salons were of various sizes, designed to accommodate varying numbers of persons from 100 upward. The owners of the property got into financial difficulties, and the municipality had the opportunity to purchase the building and its contents for about a third of the original cost. The opportunity was not allowed to slip. Glasgow bought the building for \$200,000, and expended \$30,000 more in improvements. The halls are used for any number of purposes. They are let by the city for all kinds of entertainments and public meetings, and in the great hall, throughout the winter, weekly concerts are held under the management of the municipality. The concerts are given on Saturday afternoon, Saturday afternoon being holiday time in Glasgow, and they are intended chiefly to attract the "working classes." A trifling admission fee is charged—from 2 to 5 or 6 cents—and the great hall is always crowded on these occasions. Glasgow

LIGHTS ITS COMMON STAIRS.

that is to say, the stairs of the tenement houses and flats and office buildings, just as it lights the streets—at the public expense. There are 30,000 gas jets on the common stairs of Glasgow, and the expense of maintaining them is a little less than \$50,000 annually. The gas business of the city is in the hands of the municipal corporation. Twenty five million cubic feet of gas is the estimated production of the works. The consumers pay at the rate of 82 cents per 1,000 feet. Glasgow's proximity to the coal fields has, of course, much to do with this low cost, but, as one of the municipal reports recently printed out, "the gas committee have already to go further afield for a suitable quality and sufficient quantity of gas-yielding coal; and by reason of scarcity and distance combined we now have to pay from 50 to 75 per cent. more for coal than we did five years ago, and as a consequence consumers may soon have to pay a higher price for their gas." The municipality has also undertaken the business of supplying electric light. But the very moderate cost of gas has, up to the present time, served to efficiently prevent a further establishment of the electric system. It is now proposed, however, to erect electric lighting plants at each of the several gas works, and to use the refuse of the works as fuel for driving the dynamos, a process having been invented which, it is believed, will render the practice effective and economical.

A Ballet Dancer's Airy Grace.

A ballet dancer's airy, fairy grace and lightness are not so easily acquired as is supposed. "Where are," says a dancer, "five positions of the feet to give it a high instep, to give it strength, grace and firmness. The knees must be loose, the hips

Amber Soup.—To cold gravy and milk, or milk alone, add a carrot, an onion, a small turnip, and one cupful of oil, beiled rapiaoa. Heat, add one cupful of cream, and serve.

Asparagus soup is very palatable if made from the fresh vegetable, but the canned article is inferior. Skin the stalks and cut them into inch lengths. Stew in salted water till all are tender. Drain nearly dry, season, and add milk thickened, as for the other soup. Do not make it very thick, and use about a pint of milk to a cup of cooked asparagus.

A soup may be made from either the fresh or the canned "stringless" beans. If the canned are used they do not need any cooking, and very little seasoning, but add a little piece of butter. Make like asparagus soup.

Bean Soup, No. 2.—To one pint of beiled white beans, or cold baked beans, add two quarts of stock; season and heat. When ready to serve add one sliced, hard beiled egg.

Celery Cream Soup.—Boil one cupful of rice in three pints of milk, till it will pass through a sieve. Add two heads of celery poked into small pieces, and one pint of cold stock or milk. Boil till the celery is tender, and then season.

Carrot Soup.—Brown an onion, sliced thin, in two teaspoonfuls of butter. Add four of finely chopped ham, and four of grated carrots. When brown add two quarts of soup stock or milk, and boil one hour. Serve with toast.

Onion soup may be made from little silver-skinned onions. The red onions are too strong. Skin and quarter them. Boil in two salted waters till tender. Add a pint of thickened milk, half a cupful of cream and onion.

Pea soup may be made from green or dried peas. If dried, soak them over night, and cook till soft. If the green ones are used cook them till soft, adding a small pinch of soda. They may be passed through a sieve or not. When done, drain, add two cups of stock or milk and season. Have ready a paste made of one egg, beaten with a tablespoonful of cream, a pinch of salt, and enough flour stirred in to make the paste as thick as can be rolled out. Roll in a thin sheet, and cut in small squares. When the soup boils, drop these in, and when cooked through, skim out into the soup tureen. Thicken the soup a little with flour, and pour over them. Serve with crackers which have been heated into the oven.

Potato soup may be made quickly from cold mashed potatoes left from a previous meal, or cold beiled ones cut in cubes. If you have a cup of cold white stock or gravy, heat it with a cup and a half of rich milk, and season. If the stock or gravy are not at hand, use two cups of milk and a piece of butter. When it is hot, add the potatoes and a little cold rice if you have it. When thoroughly heated it is ready to serve.

Squash Soup.—Peel and slice thin enough to fill a pint bowl. Boil in one quart of salted water till it may be rubbed through a sieve. When smooth, add one cupful of cream, one pint of cold gravy, a cup of boiling water, and a tablespoonful of butter and flour rubbed smooth. Boil up once and serve.

Tomato soup, or tomato bisque, may be made from fresh tomatoes, or from the canned, if freshly opened. If they have been opened more than an hour or two, they are apt to be acid. If fresh ones are used, scald and peel them, cut them up small, and stew till each piece is thoroughly cooked. Strain, and to the liquor add a piece of butter, pepper and salt, and about one-half a teaspoonful of sugar to a pint of tomatoes. Let come to a boil, add a pinch of soda, to counteract the acid, and boil till the froth subsides. Add a pint of rich milk, and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour made smooth in cold milk. Serve hot, with toast.

Vegetable Soup.—Peel, slice and fry in butter three onions, six potatoes, six carrots and four turnips. Pour over them two quarts of boiling water, and stew slowly till the vegetables are done. Strain and serve.

When a Man's Not a Man.

When is a man not a man? When he's a muf. Not a bit of it. When he's a comforter—something to hang round your neck.

"Colonel's g'n' to run for office." "How do you know?" "Bought a barrel of whiskey, gave \$10 to the orphan asylum and painted the church."

"I don't understand it at all," said the flypaper meditatively. "Here I am doing all I can to kill off these pesky insects, and yet they are continually getting stuck on me."

and suggestive things are the correspondence contained in these humble journals! How the ineradicable womanly longing to be attractive comes out in queer prescriptions to prevent the hair falling out, to remove freckles, or to make over old gowns with small sleeves into the fashionable style of the day; how the woman's heart peeps through its thin disguise in those pitfall letters describing lonely lives and love that the strong years conquer, and the daily fear and fret of civilization tell, and all for rest of the dismal story. I seem to see the broken woman, who was a joyous and ambitious girl, tugging ever more wearily at her Siyphian stone of duties, growing more miserable, more complaining as strength and beauty fall until the day shall come when the tired mother will not creep down stairs. Then the neighbors will watch and nurse by turns, and the doctor, who might have helped years ago, will be called in to witness properly the end that he cannot avert.—*Octave Thamel in the March Scribner's.*

READS IN SPANISH.

Cuban Cigar-makers Pay a Man to Translate the News.

The Spanish-speaking cigar-makers in this town, writes a New York correspondent of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, employ a man to read to them while they are at work. In no other industry is this thing done, though it would seem that other workers "by the piece" could imitate the Cubans to advantage. Not only do they keep in tone with all the news, but it keeps them from talking, and there isn't a minute of their time wasted.

The Cubans are great talkers, and this is what probably started the custom in the cigar factories of Havana.

Julian Barreda is one of the readers, and he is employed just now in two factories. "In the morning," said he, "I read from the newspapers. In the afternoon I read to them out of some book. Just now I am reading 'Gil Blas' in one shop and a Spanish novel called 'The Two Sisters,' in another. When I have finished a novel I select half a dozen others that I think will suit them and read them a list of titles. Then they vote on which one I shall begin."

Saving Coal Oil.

If the lamp wick is immersed in a strong solution of salt, allowed to dry, then dipped into a second salt water bath, into which a like quantity of oil has been poured, which, as it separates from the water, is poured off, the wick taken out and put into the lamp, it will be found that it gives a very bright light, the oil does not smoke and burns more sparingly in a wick that has been prepared in the manner described.

A Thoughtful Boniface.

Hotelkeeper—Have you paid many hotel bills during your life?

Guest—Not many. But hurry, give me the bill.

Hotelkeeper—Right away. However, as you are not accustomed to this kind of work I will first call the hotel physician.—*Schaik.*

A Good Fire Extinguisher Wanted.

A gold medal of the value of \$1,000 Italian lire is offered to open competition by the Royal Academy of Science of the Institute of Bologna, Italy, for the best memoir describing a new and efficacious system for preventing or extinguishing fires.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

A Bad Break.

He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the subject of the tariff.

Said he: "Take whiskey, for instance," when every man in the audience arose with the remark: "Thank you, don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to stand that treat or die.

"It Was the Cat."

"It was the cat!" She ate the obamoleon, gold chain, pin and all, and the Phil's girl has lost two pets at one fell swoosh.—*Leviston Journal.*

Chicago hotel men complain that their houses are deserted. A house that had 3,000 guests a month ago now has but 300 and so it runs.

A Congressional row is always "permitted to blow over." That seems to be about the only way it has of getting over.

PROPHINQUITY.

"The poor are always with us; 'Tis so the saying runs; But wealthy people, alas, Are often pretty close."

When a man is a little queer as a lover he is awfully queer as a married man.

Alcohol is made from molasses, A capital thing—*ah.*

are worthy the attention of all dwellers in cities, not merely because the accommodations are provided by the municipality—by you'd be quickly well provided by private enterprise—but because they show what has been done in the way of supplying a need which exists in all thickly populated places.

A washing house consists, first, of a large apartment divided by low iron partitions into a number of "stalls," each stall being provided with a complete washing apparatus, hot and cold water bath, scrubbing to run, soap, etc. Each stall has a sliding rack which can be pushed into a steam drying closet extending the entire length of the room. The wash house at Townshend is the largest wash house of the lot, containing 78 stalls. The smallest house, that at Cortale, has 58 stalls.

The wash house facilities are placed at the disposal of the poor women of Glasgow at a charge of 4 cents an hour. Two hours is found to be the average time required by each person of the place.

Now, a notable fact in connection with the wash house is that while the city provides 316 "stalls," there are only 3,000 families who appear to take advantage of the accommodation. Each stall is used by nine or ten women in the course of a week. Twenty hours a week, or less than three hours per day, is the average demand upon each stall. There must be a reason why the municipal apparatus is not more frequently used. And there is a reason. The city made the mistake of building five large establishments instead of a great number of small ones. It is proved by experience that there are few women having a family wishing to manage who are inclined to carry their loads more than a quarter of a mile from their dwellings and a quarter of a mile back again. This fact has led the enterprising men of Glasgow to project a

SYSTEM OF SMALL WASH HOUSES.

scattered throughout the city, perhaps one to each tenement block. The latter scheme, however, has not yet passed the vi-nary stage, nor is it likely to do so for a while. Another interesting fact is that the 3,000 women who are known to use the places do so at least once a week, so that the yearly cost of the family washing is estimated at about \$4. When we consider the facilities provided, it is reasonable to suppose that the work is done better and cheaper than it could be performed by the aid of the primitive appliances available to the women in their own homes.

Experience shows that the most satisfactory, that is to say, the most popularly used features of the establishments are the swimming baths. They fulfil the expectations which they were built to realize. But the individual hot water baths and the wash house arrangements do not fulfil the expectations so far as concerns popular use. People will go much farther for a swim than they will go to wash their clothes, or to merely bathe their bodies. This, at least, is Glasgow's experience, and it is practically determined that no more large wash houses, and no more extensive ranges of individual bath tubs, will be put up at the expense of the municipality. What farther work is done in providing accommodation of this sort will take the shape of establishments easily accessible. But whether the municipality will feel itself justified in planting a large number of such houses around the town, or in hiring existing premises for the purpose, or whether property owners or public companies will see their way to take up the work remains to be seen. The municipality has determined nothing with relation to the subject. Still, what has been found is that the facilities created by the expenditure of £123,000 seem to be taken advantage of by comparatively small clusters of people, one might say small districts, when we consider that, out of the whole population, the only persons who use the facilities are 3,000 washers; 5,000 hot bathers and 5,000 swimmers. Officials associated with the management of the places seem to think that buildings without swimming baths, and provided with 30 tubs for hot-water bathing, and 63 stalls for clothes washing, would average in yearly earnings, say, \$5,000 apiece, and that a couple of hundred such establishments might be

MADE TO PAY THEIR EXPENSES.

If judiciously situated. In other words, the mistake heretofore made has been in attaching the hot baths and the wash houses to the swimming baths, and the following suggestion is put to the Town Council: "Whether hot water or steam be or be not supplied from a central station, perfect self-contained establishments can be erected at a cost for each of from \$200 upward, the price depending upon the

lightness are not so easily acquired as is supposed. "There are," says a dancer, "five positions of the feet to give it a high instep, to give it strength, grace and firmness. The knees must be loose, the hips loose; she must be able to kick high, not a quick, spasmodic kick, but a graceful sailing and lowering of the feet. The head and shoulders must be kept well back. In fact, every muscle of the body, from the neck to the feet, must be in a perfect condition and subjection as a gymnast's."

"After my first lesson I trembled from head to foot, and could hardly walk; it was not so hard when I was really at work, but when I stopped to rest I became stiff all over; and the mere idea of going upstairs to dress was torture to me. A warm bath taken just as soon as the lesson is ended, and then an hour's nap, take away this tired feeling and the excruciating pain which accompanies every step and every motion."

"Learning to dance on the toes is even worse. I remember when I commenced my toes bled so that my dancing slippers were full of blood, but I persevered, or I could never have advanced in my art. Sometimes we bathe our feet in alum water and sometimes in whisky. They are both pretty good to toughen the skin, and we need pretty tough toes, you know. I practice from two to four hours every day, and expect to sell my life."

The Spiral Pillow.

A comfort lately introduced for the use of invalids is the clever invention of a lady who was persuaded to try her hand at patents by the force of circumstances.

While nursing her husband during a long illness she felt the necessity of providing some comfortable support for his head, and finally devised an arrangement of spiral wires set in a supporting frame, which gave a soft, springy back and is adjustable to any position.

No Art Necessary.

Miss Berri—I think that William's acting is the most realistically horrible of any I ever witnessed.

Mr. Dorcaswater—It's easy for him, as all he has to do is to be perfectly natural. He married Miss Strong, the heiress, the day before her father lost every cent he had in the world.

Fortune Favors the Bold.

Wandering Willie—When do lady set such a dandy meal fire me I wuz sorry I'd sneaked in de back way.

Steel Rydes—Felt rather ashamed o' yerself, eh?

Wandering Willie—Now, et wuzn't dah. Yer see, de s'gh o' de weed pile in de back yard spoilt me appetite.

New Splashers.

A new splashier is of coarse linen edged with heavy cord lace, and fastened to a bath with two strong picture rings attached for hanging it up. The bath can be glazed or enameled and a bold design in oil painted upon the lining, using the Florentine medium with the palette as it is washable.

Another idea for a splashier is to have a mammoth palm-leaf fan covered with the material used for the bureau cover, and tied with a bow of the same.

The Last Was First.

Teacher (to new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?

New pupil—Tommy.

Teacher—What is your full name?

New pupil—Tommy Jones.

Teacher—Then Jones is your last name? Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterwards.

A Promising Venture.

Well—I suppose you expect to make a lot of money out of your amateur theatricals? Van Peet—Yes, indeed; no doubt it will go quite a way toward paying for the costumes.

Scientists All.

Man—Do you tramps consider your occupation a trade or a profession?

Tramp—Neither; we've got it down to a profession.

A gentleman must kiss every lady he is introduced to in Paraguay. It is the custom of the country.

The projected canal from Marseilles to the River Rhone is receiving great attention in Marseilles.

Harry Emil Fair, the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has two boys—Hans, 11 years old, and Karl, 8 years old. Neither of the boys is musical.

It is Well.

Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gate shines on our ravished sight!
And though the tender ties we try to
strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.
Tis well! The way was often dull and weary;
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine came from skies all gray and
dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that
road.
Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrows once so hard to bear;
That not again beside death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the
fair.

No more, with tears wrought from deep inner
anguish
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and
gone;
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish,
So far the day is past, the journey done.

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken,
Come into port beneath the calmer sky;
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

As sweeter air comes from the shores im-
mortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline,
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles
divine.

Tis well! The earth, with all her myriad
voices,
Has lost the power our senses to enthral,
We hear, above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

Tis well, O friends! We should not turn-
retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth
back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing,
We leave behind the dusty, foot-worn track.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Last Poem.

Poets should not reason;
Let them sing!
Argument is treason—
Belts should ring.

Statements none, nor question
Gnomic words,
Spirit cries, suggestion as,
Like the birds.

He may use deduction
Who must argue,
He may praise instruction
Who must teach;

But the poet duly
Fills his part
When the song burst truly
From his heart.

For no purpose springing
For no poet
He must do the singing
For itself.

Not in lines austere
Let him build;
Not the surface m. rely
Lethum gild.

Fearless, uninv
Like a spring
Opt-words, enlightened,
Let him sing.

As the leaf grows sunward
Songs must grow;
As the steam flows onward
Song must flow.

Useless! Aye—for measure;
Roses die,
But their breath gives pleasure—
God knows why!

Spain has 620,000 acres of oak forests.
Two million bottles of syrup of figs were
sold last year.

Speaking of Salt River, did you hear the
machines creak?

How the home brightens where the heart
presides!—*Lyttton.*

There are about 6,000,000 leaves upon an
elm tree 30 feet high.

The largest ages have only 16 ounces of
brain; the fewest men have 39.

The ladies' tailor has a hard lot. He has
to reform so many of his customers.

The biggest kind of sinners generally feel
religious in a graveyard.—*Ram's Horn.*

Nearly every boy determines to whip a
certain school teacher when he grows up.

In Malaga workmen are allowed 15 min-
utes' leisure in every hour to smoke cigar-
ettes.

Peanut flour is said to be the most nutri-
tious, as well as the cheapest, food in exis-
tence.

All the glaciers in the Alps would not
equal one of the largest in the territory of
Alaska.

It is rather a mean way to call a halt on
Senator Stewart to yell "Whoa, Emma!"
at him.

The Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-
law, 18 nephews, 57 cousins, and 58 nephews.

SHE KNOWS THE BEAST.

How Married Women and Widows Fascinate the Men.

"BAB" ON SOCIAL SANDPAPER.

Agrees With Waller as to Widows—Matrons
Dangerous Too—The Servant Girl Question—
Getting a Cook—Untruthful Women.



I believe some one has written a book in-
tended to explain fully why married women are
more attractive to men than are blushing maid-
ens. There may be a sufficient number of
reasons for this to make a book, but I am rather
inclined to doubt it. Married women, and
under this heading, of course, come widows,
are attractive to men for the simple reason
that they understand them. If they are for-
tunate enough to have met good men,
in capacity of husbands, they have great belief
in mankind in general; if they are unfortunate enough
to have met bad men, then they lack all
belief in mankind, but they have learned
how to conceal their own feelings. The
blind confidence of the young girl in a man
is only pleasing to the extremely young, or
the extremely old; that is to say, to those
who are just out of long clothes, or those
who are reaching the state commonly known
as second childhood.

A MAN OF THE WORLD IS ATTRACTED
by a young girl's pretty face—he has long
ago given up dancing, and he proposes to
show his courtesy to her by saying to her
all the complimentary things he can
think of in the best turned phrases. But
the young girl's eyes wander over the
room; she wishes somebody would ask her
to dance; and she is restless and pre-
occupied, and looks vastly relieved when
the man, who only shies as far as his
feet are concerned, comes up to her, rudely
interrupts the conversation, takes her off
and proposes her to her satisfaction. Now
a matron or a widow would not make such
a mistake as this; she knows there is more
interest shown in you when a man wishes
to talk to you than when he wishes to
dance with you. The young girl is too
apt to be worried and upset by little dis-
agreeables, and makes the man around her
conscious of her coarseness and displeased by
her expression of it.

To sum it all up, the matron or the widow
is like a lion-tamer,

SHE KNOWS THE BEAST,

and she knows how to manage him. She
knows that he likes being made much of,
that he wishes to be thought of first, and
that he likes to think that he is the one who
is loved and not the one who loves.
Unlike the lion tamer, the adept in
ruling man does not have a hot iron to
touch him with whenever he grows restless
or disobedient, but she has an iron that enters
his soul, and which can only be described
by calling it the iron of femininity; that is
to say, when flattery does not prevail, when
tyranny is useless, the best of all weapons
is called into service, and the woman avows
herself the weakest of all humanity, as she
may gain what she wishes, for he who
believes himself strongest is he who will be
most lenient to those he considers lack his
power. Then, too, the matron or the
widow realizes that, when the busy day is
over, and the man is out in the social world,
it interests him to listen to that idle chatter
of women compounded by some nonsense,
a little sense, a little sarcasm, a little wicked-
ness and a little wit. Whereas, the young
girl continually "wants to know"
and expects the man who is closest
to her to explain all unknown
situations, and to give her in full the his-
tories of the various people whom she has
never seen before. The older woman
understands the appetite of the man and
caters to it. They don't ask him to orbi-
cize plays or books while he is eating
terrapin; they don't want to discuss the
newest fad religion during his dinner hour,
and they don't ask him to supper at which
chicken salad, food creams and a punch that
might be called a mystery constitute the
menu. The truth is, the

that, that came from an intelligence office.
The first one to enter was a young woman
in all large hat with pale blue feathers upon
it; you noticed this first, and afterwards
you became conscious of a pair of huge red
hands, heavily bearded. Looking you saw
a pair of miserable shoes with half the but-
tons off. This young person, when she
heard there were only two in the family,
said that it wouldn't be lively enough for
her, but even after this, wanted to remain
and have a little gossip. When it was im-
pressed upon her mind that it was a cook
that was wanted and not a conversational-
ist, she went out with her feathers waving
in the air; and an expression of indignation
on her face.

THE GIRL HAD A SWEETHEART.

The second applicant suggested that she
had just come out of the penitentiary. She
kept her eyes steadily on the floor; she did
to do everything; said she never wanted to
go out, and all that she wanted was the
privilege of having her sweetheart come to
see her at 10 o'clock, as he was in a busi-
ness that would not permit his getting
away any earlier. She was a little shy
about her references, but eventually gave
them. I went with my friend to look them
up. We found that the people we were
sent to had never even heard of her, and
two days afterwards we saw her picture in
the paper. She had gotten a situation the
week before, had let her sweetheart in at
the hour he wished to come, and he was
good enough to bring with him two
gentlemen friends. They took away all the
silver, presumably to clean it, and the
queen of the kitchen accompanied them
with the intention undoubtedly, of over-
seeing the job. After this there was a
stream of good and bad girls, of impudent
and polite ones; that is to say, there was
one polite one. And she was so very polite
that we felt there must be something wrong
with her. A pleasant inquiry to her elicited
the fact that she was just out of the insane
asylum. My friend is still without a cook,
and I go and confide with her, and we both
wonder why some of the kindly societies
don't do something in the way of furnish-
ing New York with servant girls instead
of giving so much attention to the country.
And then we ask each other a few ques-
tions.

SOME UNTRUTHFUL WOMEN.

Why will a woman write that a servant is
a good, capable cook, when this knowledge
of cooking consists of knowing how to fry a
berkicot and bake a roast?

Why will a woman give an undated refer-
ence to a servant?

Why will a woman say that Mary Jones
is sober, honest and industrious, when she
is discharging her for drunkenness, doesn't
dare to tell Mary Jones the reason, but
persuades Mary Jones into the belief
that she is going to break up
housekeeping? Men don't do this sort of
thing with the people they employ. A
bookkeeper has to be very certain of his
ability before he can send his new to his old
employer. I think it a queer little fear, a
feminine bit of cowardice, that induces a
woman to write down what she knows is
not true. The servant girl question will
never be settled until the police take it in
hand. And by this I mean until each girl
has a book in which she keeps the certifi-
cates of her character, and one older than
three months will be counted worthless.
Not until her history from the standpoint of
honesty and good behavior is written out
and put in a directory. Then, perhaps, one
can believe in a reference. Just now I
should doubt one sent to me by anybody
unless it were signed BAB.

SEIZED BY ARABS.

A Tale of the Desert Full of Horror.

Hag Ahmet-el-Azazi, a pilgrim lately re-
turned from the Mecca pilgrimage, has been
narrating the terrible experiences of his
party to the editor of a native Egyptian
paper, called the *Mokattam*. The pilgrim,
whose respectability is vouched for by an
Egyptian sheik who is greatly respected in
Cairo, declares that on returning from
Mecca the "Rafiat," or detachment of the
caravan to which he belonged, and was com-
posed of about 700 camels, left Bir-Said at
daybreak and halted at sunset at the foot of
a mountain, on the road to Yambo.

A few minutes after arriving there the
Rafiat, composed of men, women and
children, found themselves attacked by
Bedouins of the desert, who attacked them
with the utmost savagery, slaying and
maiming the men of the party. The hot,
dry sand was wet with blood. Some of the
women, after being robbed of their clothes
and valuables, were left to their fate; the
younger and better-looking ones were car-
ried off as slaves. With great difficulty
the narrator of these facts escaped with his

THE FIELD OF HONOR.

Warriors Who Fought Duels for Various Purposes.

THE TRAGEDY OF DECATUR.

Dueling Fends in European Armies—A
French Swordsman, Jean Louis, Killed
Thirteen Opponents.



ABOUT the only dual worthy of the
name which took place during the
civil war was fought in the lowlands of
Arkansas, September
1863, when the
dashing Confed-
erate cavalryman General Marmaduke shot
down his brother soldier, General Lucius
M. Walker. The conduct of General
Walker during a movement of cav-
alry in defence of Little Rock led to a
rupture between General Marmaduke and his
chief. Wishing to be relieved from com-
mand under him, he asked that his division
be attached to another corps. General
Walker took offence and demanded an ex-
planation, assuming that the cause pursued
by Marmaduke cast imputation upon his
(Walker's) courage. Marmaduke said that
he had never accused Walker of cowardice,
but that he would not longer serve under
him.

A challenge from Walker instantly
followed. They met at 6 o'clock on the
morning of Sept. 8th, on a farm seven miles
below Little Rock. The weapons were

COLT'S NAVY REVOLVERS,

all the barrels of which were loaded, and
the distance 15 paces. Both fired the first
shot simultaneously and without effect. At
the second fire Walker fell, mortally
wounded, and died the next day.

The killing of General William Nelson, of
the Union army, by his brother soldier,
General Jeff. C. Davis, was not done in a
duel. There was a personal altercation in
the lobby of the Gault House, Louisville,
and Nelson slapped Davis' face in rebuff for
a direct insult. Davis borrowed a pistol
from a bystander, followed up his victim
and shot him down in cold blood.

General Nathaniel Greene was twice
challenged by one Captain Gunn. Greene
refused to fight, and Washington sanctioned
his course.

Perhaps the saddest duel in the service
was that in which the famous Decatur lost
his life, at the age of 41, after conquering
the prairies of Barbary and receiving the
thanks of all Europe and high honors at
home. While acting as naval commissioner,
he made remarks censuring Commodore
Barren. Barron challenged him. Decatur
shot Barron in the hip, as he de-
clared he would, but he himself received
Barron's bullet in the abdomen and soon
died.

In Europe, more particularly in France,
military duels were of frequent occurrence.
Early in the century

RIVALRIES AND ANTAGONISMS

between regiments and corps and between
natives of different provinces often led to
combats. So bitter was the feeling that
often the closest friends, when drafted into
different regiments between which the
dueling feud existed, were compelled by an
absurd code to fight as though they had
been lifelong enemies.

In the cavalry regiment stationed at Mar-
seilles, in 1790, the captain of one of the
troops was a notorious bully. He took
delight in torturing one of the youngest of
his lieutenants, a bright young boy, and
followed it up by slapping him and calling
him a liar. The lieutenant had previously
shown his courage in battle, and his com-
rades could not understand why he toler-
ated such insults, but he explained to
them that he had conscientious scruples
about dueling.

Finally the colonel of the regiment told
him he must fight or leave. He agreed to
fight on the condition that the duel should
be with pistols over a handkerchief held
between the combatants. One weapon
was to be loaded and the other unloaded,
and the choice was to be made by lot. The
men stood up and when the captain
pulled the trigger of the pistol he had
chosen it proved to be the unloaded one. All
eyes were of course fixed upon the boy to
see what he would do under the circum-
stances. Many supposed that he would not
shoot at all. But he

Alaska.

It is rather a mean way to call a halt on Senator Stewart to yell "Whoa, Emma!" at him.

The Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-law, 18 uncles, 57 cousins, and 58 nephews and nieces.

In England a £100 one-year accident insurance policy is thrown in with a pair of snappers.

The chances of a person being killed in a 24-mile railroad ride are said to be but one in 1,491,910.

A potato, claimed to weigh four and a-half pounds, is the product of a Grangeville, Idaho, farm.

There is an "elevator girl" in a business building in New York, and she manages her elevator well.

Among other articles made from cotton-seed oil, once regarded as useless, is artificial India rubber.

There are minds limpid and pure, wherein life is like a ray of light playing in a drop of dew.—*Joubert*.

A despatch from Argentina says that "the end of the revolution is being celebrated." Which end?

The trichine found in infected pork are sometimes so numerous that 80,000 have been found to the cubic inch.

Wherever lightning strikes the Sahara desert it vitrifies a small portion of the sand, making a sort of glass.

It is believed that the custom of raising the hat to ladies is derived from the days of chivalry, when the knights unhelmed before ladies.

"There is considerable change in the weather nowadays," said the umbrella vender, as he joyfully jingled a handful of quarters.

The professors of physical culture now say that men do not attain their full physical maturity until they are twenty-eight or thirty years old.

Painter—There, now, is my new picture! What's the matter with that, eh? Quiet! Friend—I don't know, but I should say that it was a case of my failure.

There are more suicides among the soldiers of the Austrian army, and fewer among the Spanish soldiers, than in any other of the European military organizations.

George Eliot, in an autograph letter recently sold in London, wrote this wise sentence: "Everyone who contributes to the 'too much' of literature is doing grave social injury."

Leus—Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night. He came right over and proposed to me. Maud—Did he? Then he must have got rid of them in some other way.

"Jimmy, where did you get this five cents?" "It's the money you gave me for the heathen, mamma." "Then why did you keep it?" "My teacher said I was a heathen."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Disaffected Guest—Waiter, you don't seem to know how to broil a steak at this eating house. Let me give you a pointer. Waiter (with some alacrity)—All right, sir; only we usually call 'em tips.

He was a small boy, whose head was about on a level with the grocery counter. He swung a tin pail in one hand and tightly clasped three pennies in the other. "Pleashe, thir, how much is a pint of milk?" "Three cents." "Then pleashe give me two theenth worth and peppermint stick. My mother thaid I could have the change, if there wath any, for candy, and she muth be knowen there wouldn't be any. It wasn't fair!" And the young financier went galli off with a large striped stick of candy and a very little milk splashing in the bottom of the pail.

The Professor's Daughter—Oh, papa, here is the sweetest little bird that one of the boys caught in the yard. I would like to keep it for a pet, if I only knew what it eats. The Absent-minded Professor—We can find that out easily enough. I'll just cut it open and examine its crop.

The people of the United States expend each year \$25,000,000 to be born, \$300,000,000 to be married, \$75,000,000 to be buried and \$900,000,000 to get drunk on. The luxuries of marriage and drink seem to be those upon which we spend more money than the necessities of birth and death.

The dark eyes of the Indian girl were moist. "Papa," she announced with trembling lips, "wen's buy me a bow-wow." "Never mind, dew," replied the mother, soothingly; "in these hard times we ought to be satisfied with plenty of good bread and butter and roast bee, without any of the luxuries."

newest fad religion during his dinner hour, and they don't ask him to a supper at which obnoxious salad, food creams and a punch that might be called a mystery constitute the menu. The truth is, the

MATRON AND THE WIDOW ATTRACT MEN
by having that which has not come to a young girl—i. e., experience. Experience might be called the social sand paper. It is rubbed over one mentally until there are no sharp corners left, and one is made curiously unselfish, not from a particularly high motive, but because it is found that, if one wishes to be popular, one must consider other people first and one's self next. I don't believe this would make a book, but I think it is the truthful answer to the question.

There is nothing that delights my poor soul more than to hear a man talk about the fashions. He is by no means a bad critic, but having discovered one woman who dresses to suit him, he thinks every other one would look equally well in her clothes. Generalizing, he has a great fancy for blue in colors, and that some rosy-cheeked woman he knows can wear it and look well in it seems to him sufficient reason why all women should assume the color that makes these who are pale look paler, and these who are beginning to have wrinkles on their face look ten years older than they really are. In the summer time, he approves of white cotton frocks because he thinks they are simple; probably he would change his mind if he

PAID A FEW LAUNDRY BILLS.
Just now he is quite happy because the fortunes at the theatre are small, and he eagerly approves of them, he wonders why they weren't put on years ago. He calls them a sensible fashion, whereas in truth they are absolutely ridiculous, for, leaving the top of the head entirely uncovered, they afford a lovely opportunity for the cold breeze to go through one's hair and gives one that most dire of complaints, neuralgia.

He has always said that he didn't like women to bleach their hair, and yet, when your hair begins to darken a little,

HE HAS THE IMPUDENCE
to wonder why you didn't stay a blonde as you were when he first fell in love with you. He is bitterly opposed to high laced shoes, and yet some day when you show him a low shoe, very broad, and half a size too large for you, he agrees with you that it is very sensible, but denies ever having objected to a pretty shoe, and begs that if you are going to wear such dreadful looking things as that, that you will take a tuck out of your gown. He is fully impressed with the idea that women have tucks in their dresses and let them out or take them in as they may desire. He will assert that he knows a well-dressed woman whom he sees her, and yet if he is asked to select one from among a number, he will choose her who wears not a well-made frock, not an absolutely fashionable frock, but a frock the color of which pleases his eye. He has a decided liking for silk, and a vague idea that silk frocks last forever, and after your gown has come down to furnish linings and cover sofa pillows, he will wonder why you don't wear that pretty blue silk that he always liked. That you were the blue silk for five years, and that even if it were together now it would be out of fashion means nothing to him, and he says: "What if it is out of style? It was a pretty color, it was good silk, and it was ladylike." You might talk until your face was the color of the silk, but you would

NEVER BE ABLE TO CONVINCE HIM
that he was wrong. There is one consolation in this, that if man does criticize, woman does not dress for his benefit. That is to say, she does and she doesn't. The general effect is for him; the means used to gain that effect are to be appreciated only by other women.

A society has been formed in New York for getting situations in the country for these servant girls who are willing to leave New York. Personally, if this country service would include a course of training with a whip, I for one would be very well satisfied. I have always maintained that the woman who could not keep her servants had something wrong in her make-up, but I am willing to take all of that back. A sitting of one afternoon with a friend, who wished to get a cook, convinced me that while the evil may exist in some mistress, it doesn't in all. This lady

GAVE HER COOK GOOD WAGES,
and a most comfortable room, well carpeted, warm, and quite as well furnished as the average room in a hotel. The maid she had for a long time was ill and had to go away, and she found the tarsers far than were

very and was wet with blood. Some of the women, after being robbed of their clothes and valuables, were left to their fate; the younger and better-looking ones were carried off as slaves. With great difficulty the narrator of these facts escaped with his life.

The poor pilgrims so cruelly outraged had actually paid 6 piastres each and 20 piastres each for their camels to the Governor of Medina, to secure his protection against the Bedouins. The conclusion drawn by the Egyptian paper is that the Ottoman Government is not really master of Arabia, but that it leaves the sheiks absolutely free to rob and plunder, provided they profess a nominal allegiance.

TUBERCULOSIS.
The activity of the New York State Board of Health in its campaign against tuberculosis is far from pleasing to the dairy interests. A Bill providing for compensation to owners at the rate of \$80 for a healthy thoroughbred animal wrongfully killed and \$40 in case it proves to be affected with tuberculosis is strongly opposed. The dairy men contend that it is unconstitutional and unjust to take a man's property without giving fair value therefor, and some thoroughbreds are worth \$2,500 a head. They appeal to the State Senate arguing that the Board of Health used "Tuberculin," or Koch's lymph, to detect the disease, claiming that an injection developed it without fail where it existed. They claim that the lymph is not an infallible test, that inoculated cattle having tuberculosis do not always develop it, and that a physical test is the only certain guide. It is alleged that the Health authorities have raised the dairy interests of the State. We shall have this question to deal with in Canada, and it is a good time to gain wisdom by the experience of others.

The Married Women again.
Some actors have written books; a few actresses have aspired to authorship. I think a real live book about the domestic affairs of a popular actress who has been—well, say lightly harassed to the matrimonial plough would be highly entertaining. But I hope she won't discourse on such a self-evident proposition as that which Miss Fannie Batchelder, Harrington's latest ingenue, has chosen—namely, "Why Men Like Married Women." All benedictions should like at least one married woman each, taking care that the particular one is the one named in his marriage certificate, and without feeling called upon to explain or apologize for his preference. Still, the reason why men like a woman who has been married from three to five times and is in training for another trial might require a two volume novel to explain. Some of the youthful and altogether charming Fannie's potential adherents could give valuable pointers on this. Now, if Fannie were a married woman and I were asked why I liked her I should unhesitatingly say it was because she is pretty and clever and attends strictly to her business and compels the men to attend to their business.

Standing Invitations.
The Policeman's—Have a little club whiskey with me.
The Lawyer's—Let's try a case.
The Artist's—What's your favorite red?
The Doctor's—Shall we have a little spr. fr. subcutaneous?
The Farmer's—Suppose we irrigate our crops.
The Carpenter's—Let's nail that down with another.
The Undertaker's—Another coffin nail, old man!

The Dancing Master's—Jig water for two, please.
The Teamster's—Better get a load while we're about it.
The Wholesaler's—Well, boys, let's skid in another.
The Retailer's—Something a little finer for the trimmings, boys!—*New York Recorder*.

French Bread Laws.
The French baker is not only required to conform to laws regarding weight, but he is also told at what price he must sell his bread. He is further required to deposit a certain sum of money in the hands of the municipal authorities as a surety of good behavior. In the large fortified cities he has to keep a specified quantity of flour on hand to provide for warlike emergencies. In Germany laws of similar import are in existence, and are enforced with such severity that no baker ever dreams of defying them.—*Baker's Helper*.

Queen Victoria's household comprises title and salaried officials, from the Lord Steward down to the number of nearly 1,000.

gulled the trigger of the pistol he had chosen is proved to be the unloaded one. All eyes were of course fixed upon the boy to see what he would do under the circumstances. Many supposed that he would not shoot at all. But he

TOOK DELIBERATE AIM,
placing the muzzle of the pistol as near the captain's forehead as he could reach, owing to the distance separating them, and fired. Then, with exultation, he turned to those who were looking on and said, "Do you consider I have wiped out my insult?" He resigned at once, and thereafter there was no more bullying in the French cavalry service.

But the most praiseworthy and heroic episode of the army duelling field was that when the world famous master-at-arms, Jean Louis, slew one after another, with his good damascene, thirteen Italian swordsmen, who, reckless of their inevitable doom, came to the scratch in defence of feud duelling. Jean Louis' feat deserves immortality. It is scarcely known in history. The following is substantially the account preserved in the war archives at Paris, as cited by Eugene Van Schick in "Lippincott's Magazine" for January, 1893:
Jean Louis was one of the masters and originators of

THE ART OF FENCING.
During the French occupancy of Spain, under Napoleon, in 1813 Louis was master-at-arms of the Thirty-second French Infantry. The First Regiment of Infantry in the same army and the same camp was composed almost solely of Italians. The duelling funds before spoken of and the rivalries of nationalities gave rise to many quarrels, when sword would be immediately drawn and bullets exchanged in deadly combat.

Many severe battles took place, some of them in the streets of Madrid, and at times a hundred or more friendly Italian and French soldiers took part. The evil became so great that the colonels of the two regiments determined to put a stop to it, and they decreed that the masters-at-arms of the First and Thirty-second—80 in all, 15 on a side—should fight it out. Soldiers to the number of 10,000 were arrayed on the plains around Madrid, and in the centre of the concourse a ring was left open for the stage of the duel. Every soldier and every officer could witness

THE DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.
At the sound of the drum two men in fencing habit entered the ring. One was Ferrari, a celebrated Italian swordsman. He was tall, strong and handsome, and was opposed by one equally tall, strong and handsome—Jean Louis. The seconds took their places, a silence ensued, and "On guard!" was called. The moment the daggers crossed swords Ferrari lunged savagely at his opponent, but Louis met every thrust by a parry, at the same time caressing and teasing the Italian's blade.

Suddenly the Italian jumped aside and made a terrible lunge at Louis, but again with great rapidity Louis parried and pierced the Italian in the shoulder. "It is a mere scratch," cried Ferrari and fell back on guard. Then Jean Louis attacked and thrust his blade into his opponent's breast. The Italian's sword dropped from his hand. He

FELL ON THE TURF, DEAD,
Jean Louis immediately returned to his position, wiping his sword and looking around for the next comer. Fourteen Italian swordsmen stood ready to avenge the death of the best fencer of the First Regiment.

After a couple of minutes' rest the adversaries were again in place. There was a clink of swords, a swift flashing and returning of blades, and another Italian lay dead in the ring. The third advanced, but Jean Louis' friends advised him to rest. He smiled at the suggestion, and the men took their places. The new-comer expected to be able to avoid these feints and tricks of the Frenchman that had lost the day to his comrades. He opened with a terrible thrust, which Jean parried, putting his own blade into the Italian's breast, and so on to the end.

One after another 10 more fell. There were but two left. The colonel of one of the regiments requested Louis to suspend combat. He finally did so and shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by the whole army. From that time fight were less frequent between the Italian and French soldiers of Napoleon's army.

At present, in the American military and naval service, an officer implicated in a duel, or principal or second in one, is liable to be cashiered. The British rules are equally severe.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.

The Old Saw Says "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder."

IN THAT LIES THE SECRET.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox Advises Wives and Mothers to Leave Their Dear Ones for a Month or Two Each Year, and All, She Thinks, Will be Happier in the End.

Once upon a time I heard a girl say, who had never had a home and, where, therefore, longed for it as only the homeless can. "If I ever marry I will never stir an hour's distance from my home, nor will I let my husband be 10 minutes out of my sight while we both live."

"Then, my dear girl, you will certainly bring up in the divorce court," I replied. "Incomparability will be the plea. You had far better make a firm resolve to absent yourself twice a year for a month or six weeks—not longer. That will add to your value in your home circle, and render you more interesting and interested."

The romantic young lady, of course, was not converted to my views, but a careful observation of the world would compel her to be.

Were a law passed enforcing the absence of mothers from their children and wives from their husbands at least twice every year for a limited period of time, a score of homes which are but homes in name to-day, because of the existence of discord and discontent in their midst, would become havens of peace and happiness.

One of the most devoted mothers I ever knew prided herself upon never having passed a night away from home during a period of fifteen years. But the husband and the children of this woman failed to appreciate her sacrifices, regarding it rather as a natural duty on her part—while the woman became irritable and notional in her ideas of life, and found it impossible to keep pace with the progress of the world. Her husband and children mixed with the public to greater or less extent, while she, like a horse in a treadmill, went her weary round, and called it "doing her duty." There is no such thing as doing your duty to others if you neglect a duty to self.

Had this woman taken a month of recreation twice a year, entirely apart from the members of her family, who would have so constituted her value in their eyes, and given herself new food for thought, new appreciation for the ties and duties from which she was temporarily separated. But neither mother, wife, husband nor father should prolong these absences beyond a certain limit.

The fondest, truest and most devoted hearts in the world are liable to conform to habit, and to adapt themselves to existing circumstances after the first tenderness and woe of separation from loved objects has passed away into philosophical calm.

Then follows the reaching out after new pleasures and interests, and the formation of new habits, dangerous to the peace of the old life.

The woman who goes jaunting about the world for pleasure during three or four months of the year, leaving husband and children to their own devices, is not making her value felt at home. Instead, she is teaching her family how to enjoy life without her, and it is very possible that both husband and children may find her a far too many pleasures when she returns. It is not that the love for mother and wife dies out in these few months, but that new habits of life are formed during such a protracted absence, which interfere with a later return to the old system. It is one of the greatest mistakes possible in life to allow one we love to learn how to get along without us; and this is exactly what happens when a protracted separation of months takes place.

Meanwhile the limited absence of a few weeks feeds the heart with new fuel, and gives each the opportunity to miss the other's virtues and condone each other's faults.

If we hold an object too near the eyes, the sight is blurred—we cannot see its beauties. If we hold it just far enough, we see it distinctly. Too far, we do not see it at all. It is just so with those we love. The uninterrupted association blurs our vision—the occasional absence renders them clear and bright to our sight—the long separation hides them from view.

There is no love, no tie, so perfect that is not marred to some degree by the first, strengthened and purified by the second, and endangered by the third.

ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Music Rack.

Pure Sweets May be Easily Compounded by These Rules.

DROPS, KISSES, CARAMELS, CREAMS.

A children's candy party need not be a serious matter or an expensive one, if common-sense and good recipes are provided in sufficient abundance. Saturday afternoon is a good time for it, and be prepared before hand. Confectioner's sugar is the best to use in making the sweets.

Christmas drops, the pretty name an old English friend gives a pretty confection, is a good candy to begin with. Beat the white of one egg and a quarter of a pound of sugar until smooth, adding gradually a half teaspoonful of cream of tartar and soda sifted together; flavor to taste with lemon juice and grate in a very little of the rind. Drop on buttered tins about three inches apart and bake in a slow oven until a light golden brown; remove with a trowel, then knife blade and set aside to cool.

The dainty little confections known as kisses are favorites. Here is an easy way to make them:

Beat the white of six eggs to a froth, but not stiff; add a half-pound of sugar, and stir until the mixture grows very stiff; drop a spoonful a few inches apart on buttered paper laid upon baking tin; sift fine sugar lightly over them and slip into a very quick oven to turn a pale cream and grow firm; they must not brown. Run a thin flexible blade—a palette knife—is just right—under each little hemisphere and lift from the paper; scoop out the soft centre, then let the kisses lie a moment in the mouth of the oven to dry; fill with whipped cream and put the two dry sides together.

Be sure the nuts are fresh and prepare a generous supply. You must have Brazil nuts, pecans, hickory nuts and almonds, and also some walnut meats. Chop them all, but not fine enough to make them ell. Shred them as thick as possible on a shallow tin pan that has been well greased; with some sweet butter; mix in with the meats some candied orange and lemon peel and half a dozen finely-chopped stoned dates. Boil your syrup, made of two pounds of sugar and a cup of water, until a drop hardens in cold water. A teaspoonful of strained lemon juice and then pour over the nuts; mark into squares while soft and let it cool before taking from the pan.

Chocolate caramels are usually much favored by these who like chocolate at all. To make delicious ones use molasses. Take a cupful for two cups of grated chocolate and two cups of sweet cream; mix the molasses and chocolate to a smooth paste with half the cream; and boil half an hour, adding one cup of brown sugar and one of white powdered, a teaspoonful of flour and vanilla essence to taste. Pour the mixture into buttered, flat pans, and mark, when nearly cold, into small squares. Transparent caramels are made of the clear syrup, boiled until it hardens in cold water, flavored with lemon, vanilla, almond or rose essence; if the last flavor is used add a little cochineal and the squares are delicately tinted when cold.

Cream candies are easily made, some without cooking at all; these are the soft balls intended for nuts to be covered with melted chocolate. The nuts for these must be carefully cracked, as each half should be perfect. An excellent proportion for the cream is to boil together two pounds of sugar and a teaspoonful of water until it threads, flavor with vanilla, take the sugarpan from the fire and stir until the syrup becomes creamy. Then roll it into balls and press half a walnut kernel into each side, roll in granulated sugar and set aside to cool. These little balls are also dipped into melted chocolate, and become the chocolate creams.

Everybody likes marshmallows. The paste is really gum arabic. Dissolve six ounces of the gum cubes into a half-boiling water; about a cupful is enough; strain and add a pound and a quarter of sugar; put into a boiling-water and stir over the fire until stiff; then take from the fire and stir for at least three or four minutes, and then set aside to cool. Beat together the white of one egg and a tablespoonful of cold water; flavor with a tablespoonful of vanilla essence; beat until frothy; then add sugar to make a stiff paste. Now set over the fire in boiling water and when it is liquid enough, dip almond-sand pieces of the marshmallow paste with the cream; turn with a fork until fully covered, and lift on to buttered paper.

For almond candy, make a syrup by putting the white of an egg beaten into a

Bad Experience of a Man Who Applied One to Himself.

IT STOPPED THE PAIN.

He came home with a pain in his back. He was suffering terribly; pains were racking his spinal column of a nature far more severe than had ever been suffered by mortal man before—he admitted it himself.

"Make me a mustard plaster, Mary, and make it good and strong," he yelled, as he threw himself upon the sofa.

In a few minutes the patient little wife came in with a plaster about the size of an ordinary sheepskin saddle—good and thick, too. He took it into his sleeping room and said he'd put it on himself.

"Why, dear, you can't put it on your back yourself; let me fix it for you," and she started to follow him in.

"Never you mind, no, I'll attend to this," he growled, "you go on with your work, and see to it that you are not bothered. This pain is killing me by inches, and he shut the door.

Well, the underservant, picked up the plaster from the dresser and tried to get it on—and there was a cross that came near to equaling "the greatest show on earth." He tried to reach back with his hand and lay it on his back, but only succeeded in getting it on his side, while a pint or so of the mustard trickled onto the floor and down into his clothes. It didn't feel good, and he got mad. He pulled it off and tried it with the other hand, but got the same result. Then he planed it on the wall and tried to back up against it, and ran three pins into his hide. As a last resort, he spread the plaster on the floor and then lay down and tried to press it on, but misadventured the distance and got his head in it. As he raised up, with his hair leaking like a geyser, he on the whole greatly resembled a Zulu dressed for a ball.

His "talk" during the performance had been getting more and more emphatic, and at last brought his wife in. She prevailed upon him to allow her to arrange the plaster, and after wiping him off she was told to take it off his back, no matter how much he howled with the burning, for he was determined that he would kill that pain. She promised, and, by his instructions, looked the door upon him. He was alone with the plaster.

For a half hour she heard nothing excepting a rattling of the bed springs, as he tossed about—then she heard him walking the floor—then a sobbing and grumbling with an occasional stamp on the floor—then a short and deep sigh. She smiled. "I guess that was the pain if he leaves it on—I'll let it stay as he wanted me to so he won't be grunting around with his back for a week. I had one experience like that with him"—a prolonged growl interrupted her and she heard the crash of falling china. "Mary, unlock that door and come in here and take this lava bed off of me; I'm no hog; I know when I've got enough." She was just going over to a neighbor's to get a little coffee for supper, and thought she'd wait till she got back.

As she stepped into the house 10 minutes later blows of the heavy boots were threatening to break in the door, while howls and screeches and roars came from within that room. "Open that door or I'll break it in and turn in the fire alarm," he yelled.

"This outrage means a divorce, and you might as well make up your mind to it." There was a final struggle, a ripping and tearing, and as she got the door open she saw that she was too late. Sticking up against the mirror was a dark and soggy mass, while her lord was doing his best to get his back down into the wash bowl. Of course it was upset, and the flood of water added to the ruin. He put on his clothes, and as he stamped out of the house, stopped to his teeth his teeth: "You'd pay dearly for this, madame; mark my words," and he was gone.

That night he came in about 8 o'clock with his arms filled with fruit and confections. "That plaster stopped the pain, dear," was all he said.

For the Saddest Toothache.

Toothache is a little thing in the books, but many physicians would rather make a burglar at the door in a dark night than a call to cure a bad toothache of several days continuance. A hypodermic of morphine easily postpones the evil day, and usually the patient is respectfully referred to the dentist. The teeth should not be extracted while the gums and gums are inflamed and the latter swollen, and it is the physician's duty to treat the case until the above conditions are removed. Always keep a small

Some of the Dainty Novelties Worn in London.

EVERYTHING GREEN AND NAVY.

Model of the Latest Thing in Petticoats—Lace and Guipures Trim All Gowns—Striking Effects in Hats, Toques, and Bonnets—Smart Cut of the Spring Cape—Ball Gowns for Young Girls.



LONDON, February.

The novelty of spring gowns consists less in their actual shape and cut, which differs but little from those of the winter, than in their style of arrangement and trimming. There are combinations of material which are in themselves quite a poem. Miroir velvet, so soft and light that it can be used for the most loosely-flowing draperies, and even for the graceful Marie Antoinette frock, is one of the most exquisite factors in the harmony of a becoming toilet. In evening toilet, it is combined with the most transparent aerial tissues, the most filmy gauzes, tulle and silk muslins.

All lace borders and insertion, from a costly point lace to fancy colored guipures, are profusely used. But the novelty consists in combining lace with other things, such as velvet ribbons, or a jet galleon, for jet is more appreciated than ever; not only are mantles all ablaze with it, but it is showered over fine open-worked galleons, lace insertion and also on bands of tulle and grenadine. For young girls' evening dresses all these trimmings are most suitable. Embroidered insertion in beads is more novel than frills or ruffles round bell-shaped skirts of nuns' veiling or crepon for evening gowns. A very dainty evening dress for a young girl is of white silk gauze over pale green silk. The low bodice is trimmed with deepening loops of rose-colored pearls, mixed with tinted crystal beads, which are fastened upon the chest and on the shoulders by beautiful dragon-flies in the same roseate and pale green and amber tints. A sort of tunic draped over the skirt is also caught up here and there with loops of rose-colored pearls and tinted crystal beads; the under skirt is trimmed round the foot with double ruffles, divided by strings of beads. The effect is very pretty, the colors being all very soft and light.

A BRACE OF FETCHING BALL GOWNS.

Another ball dress is of turquoise blue silk draped with mousseline de sole, the sleeves are of the 1830 period in silk muslin accordion pleated with blue roses tucked here and there. The skirt is five and a half yards wide, cut walking length, made of satin, veiled with the flaccid material and trimmed at the hem and above the knee with wide band insertion composed of jet and turquoises. Another gown of a more matronly type is composed of black velvet, the skirt being slightly draped in front, half trained; the belt and lower part of the sleeves are richly embroidered in jet; the bodice cut square and low is trimmed with a handsome van dyke collar of Venetian point.

HATS AND BONNETS FOR SPRING WEAR.

Hats are both large and small, but, if anything, the taste of the moment inclines to the latter. The best hat is very becoming to many faces, which would be tried considerably by the "picture" size. A very becoming hat of moderate size has the brim in forge-me-not blue moire, with brown straw crown and a border of beaver. The inevitable violets are represented by two large bunches at the back. Certain rich satin ribbons of fancy coloring and design are now adapted to make up into the levelled bows for hats and bonnets, and, provided the width will permit, they can be twisted and folded into the most telling little toques, which a touch of feather trimming or jet passementerie or a wired bow of lace will complete. Gold embroidery is as fashionable as ever for the crown of bonnets, and flowers will again ensnare a good half of those worn in the spring.

Another fashionable headgear is a bonnet made in the shape of a regular Mercury's cap in gold sequins, with black jet wings at either side and little bunches of violets at the back.

HARMONY IN GREEN AND NAVY.

There is no love, no life, no person that is not marred to some degree by the first, strengthened and purified by the second, and endangered by the third.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Music Hack.

An ordinary camp stool may be utilized for a pretty and unique music receptacle. Remove the canvas seat, and in its place tack two-thirds of a yard of Brussels carpet border with the wrong side up. Line it with a yard of some dainty-colored China silk, flashing the overhanging ends with brass rings. The silk is wide enough to lie with a slight fulness, and should be sewed fast, with a few invisible stitches, to the carpet where the latter is tacked on to the frame. The rack is held in position by brass chains fastened with large brass-headed tacks. The chains should hang down an even length with the silk lining, a ring being fastened to each of the four ends.

Cooking by Steam.

Cooking dishes are now made in England, in which in the boiling process the meat does not come in contact with the water or steam. The edible is contained in a jacket, which in turn is immersed in the outside kettle containing the boiling water. It is claimed that by this the nutritious qualities of meats are preserved, nothing passing off in vapor. There is moisture enough in the meat to prevent it from burning and all the flavor is retained, while, again, the fiber retains a tenderness not found in any other method.—*Hardware.*

He Mispronounced It.

The *Housekeeper's Week* tells how a boy was led astray by a misunderstood title. He was about 8 years old and was looking over the book-shelves for something to read. A volume bound in red attracted him. It was Pope's "Essay on Man."

He read it for a few minutes, and then threw it down.

"It may be easy on man," he said, "but it's hard on a boy."

Was a Real Boy, Too.

"Mamma, may I have a cup of real tea, not just make-believe ombrie tea?"

"No, Stuart; my little boy is not old enough to drink real tea."

"Well, I don't see why. You just let me eat a piece of real cake."

How They Get Rich.

"This is a fearfully slow read," said Hawley to the conductor of the western train.

"Oh, no," said the conductor. "We go a mile in twenty minutes. If we went faster we couldn't pay dividends. We charge travelers by the hour."

Jimmy on George Washington.

"Who can tell me who George Washington was?" asked a teacher in a primary school. A number of little hands waved eagerly. "Well, Jimmy, you may tell me," said the teacher. "He was the first president of the United States," answered Jimmy, proudly.

Score One for the Newspapers.

The women are always grateful when a newspaper contains something that incites their husbands for a considerable length of time. It takes their minds off the fact that breakfast is not ready on time.

If a well could be dug to a depth of 46 miles, the air at the bottom would be as dense as quicksilver.

"Something to eat!"—"Something to eat!" Hark to the wail of the poor in the street! Hear them implore help at your door! List to the piteous wail with which they entreat "Give us a bite!"—or, "Our lodging for night!"

"Something to do!"—"Something to eat!" The boy halted in front of the blacksmith shop, when the proprietor queried: "You are sure your father told you to get the old mare shod, are you?" And the boy said shyer.

"Rest and change are good for people," said the wife as she rose in the night to rifle her husband's pockets. "I've had a rest, and now I think I'll have some change."—*Buffalo Courier.*

A NEW VERSION.

Woman is formed with such bewitching mien that to be loved she needs but to be seen; But seen too oft and of her love too sure We first embrace, then pity, then endure.

On Chicago Day over 45,000 individuals passed into the World's Fair on deadhead tickets. This is something more than the population of the State that Senators Stewart and Jones represent in the Senate. Did the Paris Exposition beat that?

The subject of songs is the click of a well-

to make a stiff paste. Now pour the fire in boiling water and when it is liquid enough, dip almond-sized pieces of the marshmallow paste with the cream; turn with a fork until fully covered, and lift on to buttered paper.

For almond candy, make a syrup by putting the white of an egg, unbeaten, into a half pint of water in which you have dissolved a pound of sugar; let this stand ten minutes, then put it to boil, and skim it well; boil again until quite thick; put into it a pound of blanched almonds, stir and pour the mixture on buttered plates.

Cement Pavements.

About two years ago a pavement made with Buckeye Portland cement was laid on one of the main streets of Bellefontaine, O., which has worn so well that other streets have since then been paved in the same manner. The method of construction was as follows: The subgrade was first formed and well rolled to a good surface 6 inches below the grade line, a 4-inch tile drain, with tarred paper at the joints, being laid just inside each curb. The lower course of pavement was 4 inches thick and formed of 1 part of Buckeye Portland cement to 4 parts of clean gravel and sand mixed in the proportion of 2 parts of gravel to 1 part of sand. These materials were mixed by machine, with enough water to show on the surface when well rammed. The 2-inch top course was mixed of equal parts of cement and clean sand or crushed gravel and was laid like the bottom course. A very thin layer of this top was first rubbed into the surface of the bottom course to insure adhesion. The entire pavement was separated into regular blocks about five feet square, and the surface was broken in continuous lines from end to end and side to side at intervals of four inches by V-shaped grooves one inch wide and three-sixteenths of an inch deep. The blocks laid over pipes were given joints sloping in such a manner that each block could be raised without disturbing any other. The curbs used with these pavements are composed of one part of the same kind of cement and three parts of sand and are raised above, but form part of the blocks on each side of the pavement proper. The contractor guaranteed to keep this pavement in good order for five years. The materials required per square yard were 144 pounds of cement and four cubic feet of gravel.—*Engineering Record.*

A Herd of Cattle.

William Weaver, of Darbin, N. D., has arrived here with a number of "cattle," which he will exhibit at the Midwinter Fair. These animals are the progeny of a buffalo and a polled Angus cow. The cross gives an animal larger than the buffalo, and the skin is much superior to those of the full-blood buffalo, the fur being finer and longer and of the uniform seal-brown color. They are worth from \$100 to \$150 apiece, but one skin was sold for \$250 for its. The males are at least 50 per cent. finer than buffalo, too, partaking of the native wildness of that animal and the high build of the polled cattle.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

One Angel's Easy Hour.

St. Peter—How beautifully these angels float in that orange-tinted cloud out yonder!

Recording angel—Yes, yes; but don't interrupt me please! I'm terribly busy. Millions of the most terrible sins words coming in every second.

St. Peter—What? Why, this is early Sunday morning, and nearly all the people of earth, wearied with the week's work, are asleep.

Recording angel—They were asleep but the church bells have begun to ring.

Mistress and Maid.

"Marie, has anyone called while I have been out?"

"Yes, ma'am! Mr. Pommer."

"Mr. Pommer? I don't know anyone of that name."

"I know that, ma'am; it was me he came to see!"

Not Bullet Proof.

The much vaunted "bullet-proof" cloth, with which the German army was to have been equipped, has been rejected by the German military authorities for several reasons—among others, that it is not bullet-proof.

How Was It, Indeed?

Peter—If you go over there where the ice is thin, you'll get drowned.

Little Johnny—If that's so, pa, how was it that the man who put up the danger sign didn't fall in?

Last year the States built 1,850 locomotives.

only postpone the evil day, and usually the patient is respectfully referred to the dentist. The teeth should not be extracted while the jaw and gums are inflamed and the latter swollen, and it is the physician's duty to treat the case until the above conditions are removed. Always keep a small phial containing the following mixture: Chloroform, 10 drops; glycerine, 10 drops; sat. sol. of carbolic acid, 10 drops; morphia, 1 grain, with a small wad of absorbent cotton. If the offending tooth has a cavity or decayed surface, saturate a small pellet of cotton with the above mixture and put into the cavity or against the decayed surface, as the case may be. Never pack the cotton in or the more in the trouble, but have the pellet small enough to enter without crowding. In most cases this will end the trouble.

When the gums are swollen and tender, paint two or three times, two minutes apart, with a 4 per cent. solution of cocaine. The patient may have been eating a good deal of fruit. The tongue and mucous membrane of the mouth are pale, he has a sour stomach, and next day the toothache will return. Give 5 grains of subcarbonate of bismuth and 5 grains of phenacetic acid at once and a smaller dose before each of the three following meals, with a laxative, if needed, and stop all fruit for a few days, and it will not return. The same powder every four hours, with cessation of fruit eating, will stop the persistent, tormenting neuralgias so prevalent in the fruit season.

Remarks on Eggs.

Eggs may lose their nourishment by cooking. Two yolk raw or very slightly boiled is exceedingly nutritious. It is, moreover, the only food for those afflicted with jaundice. When an egg has been exposed to a long continuance of ordinary heat, its nature is entirely changed. A slightly boiled egg, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw egg. The best accompaniment for a hard egg is vinegar. Raw eggs have a laxative effect; hard boiled the contrary. There is an idiosyncrasy in some persons which shows itself in the utter disgust which they experience not only against the egg itself, but also against any preparation of which it forms an ingredient, however slight. Eggs could always be liberally accompanied by bread, says *Table Traits*.

Red Lead as an Iron Preservative.

There has been a very general impression that red lead paint was the best preservative for iron, though red lead is a highly oxidizing substance and therefore should not be as good a preservative as many other paints, says the *Railroad Gazette*. Mr. W. Thomas, in a paper read before the Manchester Association of Engineers, states that he finds that red lead has the effect of producing a skin of the oxidizing black or magnetic iron on the iron itself, thus protecting it against further oxidation. Further experiments showed that other oxidizing agents, such as manganese dioxide, form a paint which also protects structural iron from rusting.

Pretty Pillow Covers.

Pretty pillow covers are made of the silk and gold embroidered dogies, which can now be purchased very cheap from any of the art stores. Make a pillow out of any pretty plain material—China silk is desirable—and sew on the squares. Five on the first row, four on the next, and so on until you have one for the last row. A narrow gold embroidery will make a good finish for the edges.

A Good Definition.

Aunt (to little Oscar)—What dress had your mother on when she drove off to the party this evening?

Oscar—A long, white, short dress.

Aunt—None, she could not be long and short at the same time.

Oscar—Yes, aunt. It was long at the bottom and short at the top.—*Mannheimer Volksblatt.*

An Abnormal Squint.

The other day T— saw a friend of his sitting at lunch in a restaurant and reading his paper at the same time.

"Why, how on earth can you manage to eat and read at the same time?"

"Pooh! I read with one eye and I eat with the other."

His Awful Threat.

"Since you reject me," wildly exclaimed the infuriated youth, "there is nothing for me to do but to promptly put an end to my miserable existence."

"Promptly to put an end to my miserable existence," if you will allow me to correct you, Mr. Tashemsky, replied the Russian young woman, pale with horror.

Another fashionable headgear is a bonnet made in the shape of a regular Mercury's cap in gold sequins, with black felt wings at either side and little bunches of violets at the back.

HARMONY IN GREEN FEA VIGORNE.

An exceedingly striking walking costume is made of vigees in the shade known as *petite pois*. This material is used for the bodice and for the long draperies of the skirt, the latter being arranged in such a way to show a petticoat of similar moire in a rich shade of Havana brown. The tight-fitting girdles of the sleeves are also made of this beautiful moire. The elaborate embroideries on the collar and bodice as well as on the basque and the draperies are carried out in fine silk cord, worked in rich oriental colorings, and outlining a band of applique Indian embroidery, which is carried round the basque and draperies. With this gown a bonnet of Havana velvet is worn, daintily bordered with oriental embroidery, and smartly caught up on one side with a plume of feathers arranged to match the embroidery.

ANOTHER OF DEAF GREEN TINT.

Another gown which is delightful for the season of the year is made in cloth of a lovely shade of leaf-green. The skirt is perfectly plain, while the bodice which buttons down the back is most artistically arranged with a square yoke of darker green velvet and bands of cloth, hand-embroidered, with a floral scroll design in shaded silks. Below this yoke the full folds of cloth are drawn down under a band covered with similar embroidery. At the back, in place of a square trimming, there is a pointed yoke formed partly of dark green velvet and partly of bands of embroidery. The full sleeves are turned back at the wrist to show a lining of dark green velvet.

SMART SOCIETY FELLISSE.

When it is too warm to appear in heavy winter wraps and yet too cold for spring coats and mantles a smart fellisse is the one thing to wear. This latest production in that way is a handsome broche made in deep Mediterranean-blue cloth with a tight-fitting Zuave bodice of cerise-blue velvet in a deeper shade. The bodice is beautifully moulded to the figure and is arranged with smart revers in front covered with an elaborate design of hand-embroidery in fine jet upon the blue velvet. These revers are turned back to show a vest covered with the newest kind of cream guipure lace. The sleeves are of blue cloth sloping away from the shoulders and surmounted by deep epaulettes of velvet, cut in vandyke points and edged throughout with a narrow bordering of jet.

NEW TONY SPRING CAPE.

Some charming capes most suitable for early spring wear, also for driving or travelling, are made in two of fine quality. These tweeds are reversible and are to be obtained in many colors, one of the prettiest having one side in oak brown and the other in small red and dark blue check. In fact plaids of all descriptions are used for these capes. These new wraps are long and are made with very full shoulder capes and deep turn down collars. They are very smart and can be thrown open to any width without falling from the shoulders.

Everybody Happy.

A funeral director was heard to express his gratification over a recent piece of work in his line in this manner:

"Yes, the corpse was laid out lovely, the pallbearers' gloves were a perfect fit, the hearse was tip-top in style, the carriages were new and clean, the horses were well groomed, the drivers were neat as could be, and I tell you the mourners were mightily pleased."

Thought It Would Feel Lonesome.

Editor (having glanced at the contributor's joke)—Where's the other?

Contributor—Other? There isn't any other.

Editor—Oh, I thought Neah took two of every kind into the ark.

The Emperor of China as a Student.

The Chinese Emperor, who is at present 23 years of age, has begun the study of the French language under the tuition of two professors. The Emperor is said to have already thoroughly mastered the English.

Artistic!

"Were the pictures in the art gallery appropriately grouped?"

Yes. A Madonna with hair of the color that Helen loved was hung next to "White Heron," by Rosa Bonheur.

A laugh often follows a joke very much as a cat in an oak barrel follows the hand that grips its tail.